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LIFE AND BATTLES OF GEORGE COOPER, THE BARGEMAN.

CONTINUED.

The Black must be viewed as a troublesome customer, and weighed above a stone heavier than his opponent. It was a doubtful event for a long time; but, in all probability, had the combat taken place in the ring, and with the advantages of training, Cooper would have made a short reckoning of it. It should be recollected, Massa came prepared, and Cooper was taken by surprise from the table, late in the evening, and full of wine. However, the Black must not be treated with contempt. He put on his clothes, received the four guineas, and walked home. The Black hits well with his right hand, and it was thought it would have led to a regular match; Massa being rather fancied by some of the amateurs present, who urged that if he was sent out to nurse, his victualing office put into commission, the advantages of patronage, and the improved effects resulting, that he might then be capable of making a good stand against any one of his weight. The previous fame acquired by Cooper suffered considerably by this hasty combat. It has been asserted by a great military conqueror, that "there is only one step between the sublime and the ridiculous!" and in this instance the latter had nearly prevailed.

The Black, although defeated, gained a few friends; and a purse of £50 was offered to be given to Cooper and Kendrick to have a ring fight; but the former pugilist, much to the surprise of the amateurs, declined it, observing, "it would be of no use to him; it being his wish and intention to fight a boxer of some note; defeating Kendrick would not add to his reputation." This answer, however, was not well received; it being thought by the amateurs, that the £50 would be like a gift to Cooper.

At Shelton's benefit, at the Fives-Court, on Tuesday, June 22, 1819, the set-to between Cooper and the Gas-Light Man claimed universal attention. It was fine science against confidence and boring, or, in other words, sparring versus fighting. Cooper stopped almost every hit, and gave some nobbers into the bargain. His attitudes and mode of setting-to were pronounced beautiful. The man of gas gave in, in consequence of hurting his hand. It was on the superiority displayed by Cooper, in the above combat, that the minds of the amateurs were made up so decidedly in his favor. But it has been asserted since, that the Gas-Light Man gammoned it.

At the Minor Theatre, on Tuesday, May 25, 1819, when Donnelly, Carter, and Cooper, took a benefit, the following circumstance tended to raise the sporting acquirements of the latter [illegible] immediately gratified the [illegible] by entering the lists with the [illegible]. From the [illegible] accomplishedness of both the men, a great [illegible] was expected; and most certainly a great [illegible] of skill was exhibited. Cooper, in consequence of his [illegible] ill, but nevertheless the [illegible] made, the peculiar manner, the admirable stoops to avoid the coming [illegible] of bobbing [illegible] position either to protect himself or [illegible] the assault, and his formidable hitting at [illegible] fighting, claimed the admiration and praise of every one present; and much astonishment was expressed how a novice (the Black) could have mauled him about so much in a recent turn-up, without he had been "how came you so indeed?" This set-to was a fine opportunity for the prime Irish Lad to show his pugilistic perfections. He was now opposed to first-rate talents, and he proved himself a Nonpariel indeed. In addition to the superior skill of Cooper, Randall had also that of length against him. Randall, although not so showy and elegant as his opponent, yet proved equally effective; he stopped with much adroitness, hit with his antagonist, and put in a little one now and then with a nicety of eye that showed he suffered not the slightest opening to escape him. At the close of the last round, Randall exhibited the severity of his peculiar forte of in-fighting, when the combat closed. Thunders of applause compensated the combatants for their exertions. Such an exhibition of the art of self-defence is not often witnessed; and it is only placing men of similar talent against each other, that can render it interesting.

In July, 1819, Cooper, in his cards of address, informed the public, that, in consequence of his not being able to get a customer, in order to fill up his time, he was giving [illegible] illustrations in the art of self-defence at his rooms in Cateaton-street, for a short time previous to his return to Edinburgh.

A match was now proposed [illegible] 100 a side between Shelton and Cooper, but owing to some trifling obstacles, it was off for that year; when Cooper, in company with Donnelly, set out on a sporting tour to Manchester, Liverpool, Ireland, Edinburgh, &c.

Early in the spring of 1820, George returned to London, and he lost no time in communicating his intentions to the amateurs, of once more entering the prize ring. Therefore, on Tuesday, March 7, Cooper appeared at the Fives-Court, at Shelton's benefit, when he mounted the stage, and thus addressed the audience:—"Gentlemen, I have come from Edinburgh to London, not for the sake of sparring, but I mean fighting, and nothing else. (Bravo!) I will fight Shelton from one to £200, and give him his own time; and I will also fight any man of my own weight in the kingdom for £50 a side in three weeks. Shelton immediately accepted the challenge.

This public declaration of Cooper's put him all right with the amateurs; and the betting commenced briskly upon the event, and accordingly, the match for £200 a side was made on the Friday evening following, at Shelton's house, the Bull's Head, in Cow-lane, Smithfield; to take place on Tuesday, June 27, in a twenty-four feet ring; a deposit of £20 a side being put down.

In consequence of Cooper's also giving a challenge to any man of his weight in the kingdom to fight for £50 a side in three weeks, a match was proposed to Hickman (the Gas-Light Man) to enter the list with Cooper. Both of the combatants meeting at the Royal Tennis-Court, at Cy. Davis's benefit, on Tuesday, March 14, Hickman said he had no objection to it, provided Cooper did not weigh more than he did. Upon reference to the scales, it appeared that the Gas-Light Man was the heaviest by a quarter of a pound. Mr. Jackson guaranteed a purse, and the contest was immediately decided upon; and both of the men went into training.

On Tuesday, the 28th of March, 1820, the above battle was decided, at Farnham Royal, near Dawney-Common, contiguous to Stowe-House, Buckinghamshire, twenty-four miles from London, immediately after Martin and Cabbage had left the ring. The current betting was 2 to 1 on Cooper on setting-to.

On entering the ring, the latter looked pale; but when he stripped, his frame had an elegant appearance; and he had for his seconds Oliver and Bill Gibbons. Hickman was under the guidance of Randall and Shelton; and he laughed in the most confident manner, observing, "that he was sure to win." Previously to the combatants commencing the battle, Mr. Jackson called them both to him, stating the amount of the subscriptions he had collected for the winner.

"I am quite satisfied," replied Hickman; "I will fight, if it is only for a glass of gin!" This sort of independence quite puzzled all the Swells; and the Gas-Light Man was put down as a great boaster, or an out-and-outer extraordinary: but, notwithstanding this confidence manifested by Hickman, the well-known superior science manifested by George Cooper rendered him decidedly the favorite.

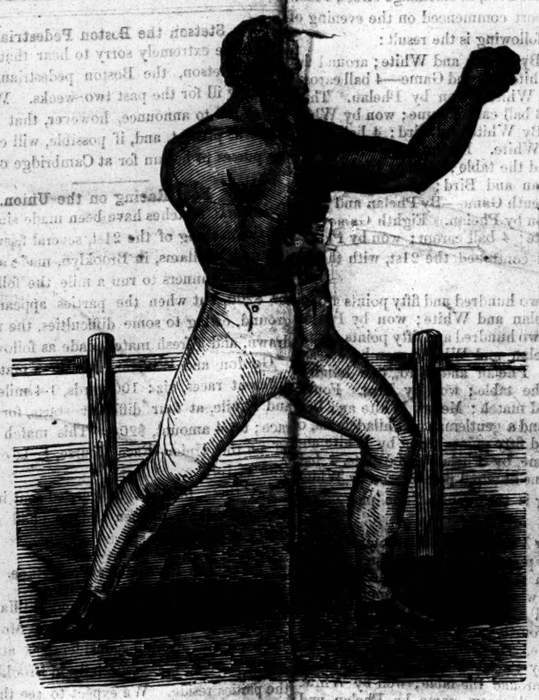
First round.—On setting-to, Cooper placed himself in an elegant position, and a few seconds passed away in sparring, and in getting room to make play. Every eye was on the stretch, watching for the superiority of Cooper; but the rapidity of attack made by the Gas Man was so overwhelming, that he drove Cooper to the ropes, and the exchange of hits was terrific, till Cooper went down like a shot out of the ropes, from a terrible blow on the tip of his nose; and his face was pinked all over. The shouting was tremendous: "Bravo, Gas; it's all up with his science!"

Second.—The impetuosity of the Gas-Light Man positively electrified the spectators; and he went in to mill Cooper with all the indifference of being opposed to a complete novice. Cooper's face was quite changed; he seemed almost choked with the blood in his throat, and he was compelled to spit some of it out: but, nevertheless, as the Gas was coming in with downright ferocity, Cooper planted a tremendous facer, right in the middle of his head. This blow, heavy as it was, only made the Gas Man shake his head a little, as if he wished to throw something off it; but, in renewing the attack, Hickman slipped down from a slight hit. Great shouting, and "The Gas-Light Man is a rum one!" The odds had dropped materially, and Hickman was taken for choice.

Third.—The face of Hickman showed the talents of Cooper, and he was hit down on one knee; but the former instantly jumped up to renew the attack, when Cooper set himself down on his second in order to finish the round. Gas followed Cooper all over the ring, and hit him down. (Tremendous shouting.) 2 to 1 on Gas.

Fourth. [illegible] World, his benefit at the Fives-Court, a few days after the fight, was well attended. Cooper took the money at the door, but his head was tied up with a handkerchief, and exhibited marks of tremendous punishment.

It was now whispered about, that it was likely, in consequence of the above defeat, that the match would be off between Cooper and Shelton, and the £20 be forfeited: but as another proof that George had not lost the confidence of his backers, his money, £100, was made good with the greatest alacrity. Shelton, however, was the favorite, at 6 and 5 to 4, and an unusual degree of interest upon the event was excited throughout the Sporting World.—[To be continued.



TOM MOLINEAUX,
The Black Pugilist,
AS HE APPEARED IN HIS GREAT FIGHT WITH TOM CRIBB,
FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY, NO. 10.

Fifth.—The fine science of Cooper had its advantages in this round. He planted some desperate facers with great success; and the nob of his opponent now bled profusely. In struggling for the throw, both down, but Gas undermost. By way of a cordial to Cooper, some of his friends shouted, "Cooper for £100."

Sixth.—This was a truly terrific round; and Cooper showed that he could hit tremendously, as well as his opponent. Facer for facer was exchanged without any fear or delay; and Cooper got away from some heavy blows. In closing, both down.

Seventh.—The qualities of the Gas-Light Man were so terrible, that Cooper with all his fine fighting, could not reduce his courage. Hickman would not be denied. The latter got nobbed prodigiously, and his face was covered with claret. In struggling for the throw, Cooper got his adversary down. "Well done, George."

Eighth. The Gas-Light Man now seemed to commence this round rather cautiously, and began to spar, as if for wind. "If you spar," says Randall, "you'll be licked. You must go and fight!" The hitting on both sides was dreadful; and the Gas Man got Cooper on the ropes, and punished him so terribly, that "Foul" and "Fair!" was loudly vociferated, till Cooper went down quite weak.

Ninth.—The Gas-Light Man, from his impetuous mode of attack, appeared as if determined to finish Cooper off-hand. The latter had scarcely left his second's knee, when Hickman ran up to him, and planted a severe facer. The appearance of Cooper was now piteous; he was quite feeble, nay, dead beat, till he was hit down.

Tenth.—In this round Cooper was hit down, quite exhausted, and picked up nearly senseless. "It's all up," was the cry; and, in fact, so much was it felt round the ring, that numbers left their places, thinking it impossible for Cooper again to meet his antagonist. Any odds, but no takers.

Eleventh.—In the anxiety of the moment, several of the spectaiors thought the time rather long before it was called; and, to their great astonishment, Cooper, somehow or other, was again brought to the scratch. He was in a shockingly feeble state, but he nevertheless showed fight, till he was sent down. "Bravo, Cooper; you are a game fellow indeed!"

Twelfth.—This was a complete ruffianing round on both sides. The Gas-Light Man's nob was a picture of punishment. Cooper astonished the ring from the gameness he displayed, and the manly way in which he stood up to his adversary, giving hit for hit, till both went down.

Thirteenth.—It was evident that Cooper had never recovered from the severity of the blow he had received on the tip of his nose in the first round, and that, at times, he was almost choked with the blood in his throat. "It's all up," was the cry, but Cooper fought in the most courageous style till he went down.

Fourteenth.—Cooper, although weak, was still a troublesome customer. He fought with his adversary, giving hit for hit, till he was quite exhausted and down.

Fifteenth.—This round was so well contested, as to claim admiration and praise from all parts of the ring, and "Well done on both sides" was loudly vociferated. Cooper was at length distressed beyond measure; but he nevertheless opposed Hickman with blow for blow, till Cooper went down.

Sixteenth, and last.—Without something like a miracle taking place, it was impossible for Cooper to win. He, however, manfully contended for victory, making exchanges, till both of the combatants went down. When "Time" was called, Hickman appeared at the scratch, but Cooper was too exhausted to leave his second's knee; and Hickman was proclaimed the conqueror, amidst the shouts of his friends. The battle was over in the short space of FOURTEEN MINUTES AND A HALF!

The courage [illegible] by Cooper was equal to anything ever witnessed; but he was so ill before he left the ring, that some fears were entertained for his safety.

Notwithstanding the above totally unexpected defeat, Cooper satisfied the amateurs, that his game was as good as his superior science; and as a [illegible] did not lose the patronage of the Sporting World, his benefit at the Fives-Court, a few days after the fight, was well attended. Cooper took the money at the door, but his head was tied up with a handkerchief, and exhibited marks of tremendous punishment.

It was now whispered about, that it was likely, in consequence of the above defeat, that the match would be off between Cooper and Shelton, and the £20 be forfeited: but as another proof that George had not lost the confidence of his backers, his money, £100, was made good with the greatest alacrity. Shelton, however, was the favorite, at 6 and 5 to 4, and an unusual degree of interest upon the event was excited throughout the Sporting World.—[To be continued.

A DAY'S SHOOTING.

OR, HOW STRAGGLES GOT "TOOK IN."

There are certain things, the appearance of which on the stage of a theatre, during the performance of a pantomime, ensures their doom, either to total destruction, insult, or treatment of the worst description. As examples, we may mention sedan-chairs, frying-pans bandboxes, and old ladies. For the first, we know, will be broken in at its top by the reckless attempts of the clown to obtain a seat to which he has no right; the second will have its bottom knocked out in forming a species of pillory necklace for the maltreated pantaloon; the next will be crushed and comminuted to atoms in that ill-organized outburst of the popular fury, in which at the same time, fish and images always come off so poorly; and the last—the defenceless old lady—will have to undergo such a series of frights, illusage, and even violence, in comparison with her years, that the extent of suffering which female heroism can support under certain circumstances is really marvellous to contemplate.

Just as these things are upon the mimic stage, so was Mr. Straggles upon the theatre of real life. With every good intention and caution in the world, he was constantly in trouble. Whether acting for himself, or striving to stand in the shoe of another, he always, so to speak, put his foot in it. He was the sedan-chair that only led to the injury of the person he tried to succor: he was the frying-pan that was sure, somehow or another, to hamper those he associated with: he was, in a row, the human bandbox that always came off worst; and it is a question if the clown ever felt so wickedly towards the old ladies, as did the impudent boys in the street whenever he appeared. And so, with his constant dilemmas, it is a wonder he ever engaged in any expedition at all. But this nature was so inclined to festivity and relaxation, that his perpetual scrapes had little effect upon him; indeed he was always ready for anything in the way of an excursion at the slightest hint,—a want of funds being his only stumbling block.

It was a very slow time in town. The leaves had fallen at Vauxhall: and such people as were left living on one side of the squares began to see those on the other, once more, through the withering foliage. Nearly all the theatres were shut; so there was nowhere to go at night, and it was too chilly and dreary to sit at home, and not cold enough to have a fire. People fought against coals and candles as long as they could, apparently in the belief that they could drive winter back by thus opposing his firmest allies: but the water was cold in the wash-hand stand in the morning, and the toilet was more hurried than in ordinary; and those, who still would not yet demean themselves by yielding to another blanket, were glad to throw their dressing-gown upon the bed. The paletot of last spring was pulled from its closet to see what it looked like: forgotten trowsers of once-loved winter check were hunted out from the depths of wardrobes; and collections of stout boots, discarded for [illegible] safety of the summer-sunlit pavements, once [illegible] into favor, as they were passed in review to their capabilities of new soling. [illegible] that it was not worth while [illegible] ing, gave place to newly dyed moreen; and [illegible] began your dinner in daylight, went on with [illegible] neutral gloom, and finished it with candles. [illegible] as soon as lighted, made the black fireplace [illegible] in spite of the dismal intru[illegible] out of snipped silver-paper that [illegible] ggles sat at dayfall, at this season, in his [illegible] thinking what to do. Inclination said, [illegible] ave a mild cigar and opera at The En[illegible] ence suggested it were better to stay at [illegible] work. But everything looked so cheer[illegible] the cold twilight, that he was about to rush [illegible] to avoid all chance of autumnal suicide, when [illegible] heard the wheels of a cart stop in front of his [illegible] use, and two minutes after the porter brought [illegible] up three partridges, with a note tied round [illegible] eir necks. Having spent the usual time in wan[illegible] ering who could have sent them, he broke the [illegible] al, which bore the impression of a percussion-cap [illegible] veral times applied, and read as follows:—

DEAR OLD STRAGS:

"Herewith you will receive a leash of birds—[illegible] ot 'three partridges,' as, I know you will already [illegible] ave called them. And now to business. Where [illegible] ese came from there's more than you can have a [illegible] otion of—the poultery-shop at the bottom of Hol[illegible] born Hill, if it was to rise and fly away wouldn't [illegible] ve you an idea of our coveys. So the governor [illegible] opes you'll come down and have a shy at them, in [illegible] turn for your kindness in seeing about his com[illegible] missions in London. We can find you a gun, but [illegible] ou must bring everything else. The Brighton [illegible] ailway's the nearest line, and get down at Hey[illegible] ward's Heath. So, mind you come, and

"Good afternoon. Yours no end, Jo E.

"Bramblesly, Oct."

The birds and the note put Mr. Straggles to much perplexity. For, in the first place, you cannot send a more distressing present to a man in chambers, who dines out, than a leash of birds. He does not know what in the world to do with them. The first day he hangs them up to look at, and hopes that somebody will call to see them, and believe in his connexions. On the second he begins to think whom he shall present them to, and the inquiry puzzles him until the third, when he wavers between six friends of equal claims upon his attention. Arguing the case occupies two days more, until at last they get very high: and not having any servant to send, on the instant, with them, and mistrusting other methods, he gives them to his laundress, who sells them to the poulterer, and where they go to after that, the dealer only knows.

This was one cause of distress to Mr. Straggles; the other was that his experience in shooting was limited. He knew that to let off a gun, you put a percussion-cap on a little knob, and pulled a thing underneath; and then, if you had previously rammed some powder down the barrel with a bit of paper, it made a bang and kicked against the shoulder, but to this was his knowledge confined.

As to taking an aim at anything, he might as well have attempted to shoot the moon, at which, in its commonly received sense, he might have succeeded. So he made up his mind to go to a shooting-gallery, thinking that after a dozen shots, at three half-pence each, he should be ready for anything. So have we known landsmen about to take a voyage, go off quite contented with a six-penny hand-book of swimming.

There is, in Leicester Square, a remarkable establishment, appropriated to many purposes in its different compartments. It was once the repository of Miss Linwood's needlework—a popular exhibition, which, however, we never saw ourselves, nor, remarkably enough, did we ever know anybody, who, being driven to the point, could say he had either; but which is believed to have been immensely popular with well-regulated country families visiting London once a year as a compulsory pleasure. At that time a little Turk upon horseback used to trot across three panes of glass in one of the windows every half minute, to the delight of the passengers, especially the boys, who always enter keenly into everything exhibited for nothing. But when the needlework went, the Turk went with it; and then the establishment became so divided by different interests, that few could tell whether it was a theatre, a wine vault, a billiard-room, a coffee-shop, a gunsmith's, or a Royal Academy; or, if they could, they never knew, amidst the ascending and descending steps, and doors and passages, which one must take to get anywhere. The Egyptian Hall is as mystic in this respect as is the interior of the Pyramids. Nobody ever went to see Tom Thumb without finding himself among the Ojibbeways by a wrong door; and the visitor to the Model of Venice, having been so confused as to pay separately for the Speaking Machine, or the Fat, or Mysterious Lady, ultimately, never got there at all. But the Piccadilly labyrinth is nothing to the one in Leicester Square. A confusion of sounds [illegible] further to [illegible] the visitor: the noise of everything is heard everywhere else. The click of billiard-balls; the music of *poses plastiques*; the thwacking of single sticks; the cracking of rifles, and the stamping of delighted Walhallaists, all mingle with each other; and it is only by taking refuge in the lowest apartment, which partakes of a coffee-room, a cabin, and a cellar, that you find repose. But Mr. Straggles had been told there was a good gallery here, and with some trouble he at last found his way to it.

It was a large room, divided down the middle; one half being taken up with swing, ropes, bars, ladders, and various contrivances for performing fearful feats of strength with; and the other was appropriated to shooting against an iron target at the end. A gentleman in shirt-sleeves, whose life was passed in loading fire-arms, received Mr. Straggles as he entered.

"I want to shoot," observed Mr. Straggles, with assumed indifference.

"Yes, sir; rifle, sir!" said the assistant.

"Yes, a rifle," replied Mr. Straggles, unconcernedly. He supposed it was all right, having some vague notions of rifles, and game, and Hurons, and dead shots, from Mr. Cooper's novels. But he would have answered the same had the man suggested a musket or a blunderbuss.

"Stop a minute, sir," said the man, as he painted the target with whitewash. "Now it's ready."

Mr. Straggles took the gun, and aimed at the target in the most approved style. He was one of those gentlemen who constantly take aim with their walking-sticks at different objects, to impress bystanders with a belief in their sporting propensities.

"You haven't cocked it, sir," said the man.

"Oh," replied Mr. Straggles, "to be sure; that's it. Now then."

As the sight of the gun described va[illegible] ishes about the bull's eye, Mr. Straggles [illegible] trigger, and a black mark appeared on [illegible] verge of the target.

"That's not [illegible] asked Mr. [illegible]

"And all the shot are together; ain't they?"

"Beg your pardon, sir!"

[illegible] a heap."

"No, sir," said the man smiling. "Rifle, sir, 's loaded with ball."

"Oh, to be sure it is! What a fool I am," returned Straggles.

"Yes, sir," said the man.

Mr. Straggles fired away his eighteen-penny-worth with varying success, and was then recommended to try and hit the swinging bird, which hung from a string before the target. But this he could by no means accomplish, and the bullets went into the floor, and ceiling, and wall, and everywhere, in fact, but near the wooden pigeon.

"It's very difficult," he said. "I think it must be because I shut my eyes, to keep the cap from flying into them, when I pull the trigger."

"Very likely, sir," said the man. "Gentlemen are often taken so, when they're not used to it."

"Oh, I'm used to it enough," said Mr. Straggles, quite indignant; "but I'm nervous. I never could bear anything swinging before my eyes. That hit him though."

By chance it did. By the common laws of motion the bullet was compelled to go somewhere, and that time it went against the bird. The man complimented Mr. Straggles; and he was so pleased with his skill, that he wrote to Joe Tollit the next morning accepting his invitation; and giving up cigars for the time, spent all his money in shots until the day arrived.

In one of the streets between the squares of Soho and Leicester, Mr. Straggles found out a valuable shop, which exists still, for we passed it the other day. It was particularly calculated to attact incipient sportsmen, for the window was filled with every implement for the field, set forth in the most alluring manner. There were guns, air-canes, and pistols; flasks, cartridges, and cap-holders; together with packets of gunpowder, and, in a corner, such piles of catherine wheels and crackers, that had the house taken fire, there is no knowing where the neighbors would have been blown to. And to excite timid sportsmen there were labels such as these: "*Look! twisted barrels, patent breech and back action—and all for 4l. 10s.!*" or, "*The real pheasant astonisher—only thirty shillings!*" and to an air-gun was affixed,—"*Fancy stunning down a bird with this, and no keeper the wiser—three guineas!*" while a brace of pistols was labelled,—"*Men of England! have you your wives' or sisters' honor at heart? Buy these for two pound!*" Mr. Straggles was overcome by the friendly nature of these communications, and he bought several accoutrements, including a packet of cartridges, one of which amused him all night in dissecting, and wondering what its contents of shot, sand, and little net-work wire cage could be meant for. And when he considered that his arrangements were perfect, he put himself into the third class of a slow train, and got out at the station nearest to Bramblesly, that evening. The evening passed in chat with his friends, and about half-past ten—an wholesome country hour—he retired to bed, all ready for his first appearance, as a sort of Young Hawthorn, on the morrow.

With the first beams of the rising sun, Joe Tollit was at his bedroom door; and as soon as Mr. Straggles was dressed, he set him to punch an old hat into small discs for wadding, which occupied him until breakfast. During this meal, Joe was constantly clicking the guns, to see that they were [illegible] right, to the great terror of Mr. Straggles, as the [illegible] were not [illegible] to be sure: of that he was aware: but empty guns occasionally did such wonderful things, that he was very glad when the direction was altered. And at last, after breakfast, they went and let the dogs loose, and started for their day, Mr. Straggles being accommodated with a double-barrelled gun, which he had as much notion of handling as if it had been a cornet-a-piston, and knowing this, he turned it off, saying, "Ah! if that had been a rifle I could have shown you something."

It was not all fun at first. They had to walk over ploughed fields, and into swamps, and through dreadful hedges, composed entirely of blackberries, holly, and stinging nettles. And Mr. Straggles did understand the dogs as he ought to have done. He had formed his notions of their attitudes from a tin pointer on a chimney-pot behind his chambers; and not seeing them copy this exactly, he occasionally gave them a kick on, when they stopped, thinking that they were pointing at rubbish; and then he was cursed by Joe. For take it as a rule, that in certain sports, as well as at whist, your dearest friend will insult you, and you have no appeal. Now and then some birds rose, and went whir-r-r-ring off, one of whom Joe generally brought down; but if he didn't, Mr. Straggles was so long taking his aim to make sure, that they got away comfortably before he fired, into foreign covers, and he felt small. But he was still self-confident outwardly, and always said, "Ah, they'd better not come in my way again."

They did not, however, come to the countless flocks of birds Joe had spoken of, although the man with them beat the bushes into splinters. Indeed, it seems an immutable fact in all sporting invitations, that hopes held forth are seldom realized. For if a man tells you as an inducement that somebody caught twelve dozen gudgeon at a particular pitch the day before, be sure you will never get a bite. Rabbits vanish under ground, like barbel warms before a lantern, at the approach of a visitor: no one had expressly invited a friend to course, ever found a hare: and we should mistrust that day's subsistence which depended upon all the birds brought down on estates where they were said to be as thick as flies in a sugar tub.

After going on for sometime without a chance, during which Mr. Straggles longed to shoot at the small birds, but was not allowed, Joe came to the conclusion that they had been frightened into other covers.

"There's a shaw over there," he said, as they at last halted to take some refreshment, "which I know swarms with them."

"Ah!" gasped Mr. Straggles, as he put down a little tub, from the cork-hole of which he had been taking a long pull of ale, "well, let's go there."

"But you see it's not the governor's land: it belongs to Worty, the brewer."

"Well, then, let's stop here. It's very jolly. Have you heard 'The Standard Bearer?' [illegible] say he had not [illegible] would come in conviviality. So he said he [illegible] it well, and so nipped the symphony in the bud, when the [illegible] was beginning to hum; and then he added,—"Our lands join, to be sure; so if we skirt the copse, we may do something. Come on."

They started off again, but with no greater success. Still they kept hearing shots around them, which proved there must be some birds somewhere, until Joe got desperate, and, crossing the boundary, plunged into the adjoining property, telling Straggles to follow him, as well as he could, through the tangled brake.

"[illegible], Joe!" said Mr. Straggles suddenly, from the centre of a nutbush.

"Well—what is it?" asked his friend, who was down in a quarry.

"I see a pheasant,—shall I shoot him?"

"Of course; but put him up first."

"No: I can hit him better as he sits. Here goes."

Mr. Straggles took his aim, and pulled the trigger. Bang—bang! went both barrels in rapid sequence; and the echoes carried out the sound into a prolonged rumble like thunder round the corner of the world.

"Why—I say Joe,—I'm d——,"

We break off: there is no occasion to state what Mr. Straggles said he was.

"Well—what's the matter?" inquired his friend.

"Why—he's sitting there just the same as ever: not even frightened."

Joe climbed up the side of the old quarry, as his friend spoke, and looked in the direction of the furzes.

"Why, Strags," he said, "that's a wooden dummy, put there to trap the poachers. What a pity to have wasted your powder and shot upon it."

"Never mind," replied Mr. Straggles, "on we goes again,' as they say," and he was getting ahead with the effects of the ale, "I'll punish 'em yet."

"Hush!" said Joe, "I thought I heard voices."

"No," said Mr. Straggles: "echoes, Joe, nothing more. Listen." And hereupon he imitated a cornet-a-piston, with the air of "The Standard Bearer," and waited for the echo. But there was none.

"Ah! that's nothing," he said. "Some echoes only repeat voices, not notes. There!" he continued, as he gave the finishing ram down to his charges. "I should think that would do it."

"I'd rather keep away from you," said Mr. Tollit, "if you've no objection."

"Not at all," observed Straggles.

"I'd rather. Then, if I hit a bird, we shall be sure about who's done it."

The pair accordingly separated. They forced their way through the copse, and were now upon a ridge of furze-field that sloped down towards another shaw similar to the one they had just left. Mr. Straggles was first, and was pushing vigorously on, when a pheasant rose from the lea below them, and the same instant a voice exclaimed, "Mark!"

"Go on!" cried Joe, earnestly. "Here! Juno! Rover! come here. Strags, do you hear? go on! go on!"

"I'm a going," said Mr. Straggles, misunderstanding him; and again, *bang—bang!* went both his barrels, and the bird fell.

Elated with his success, he rushed towards where he conceived it would be found. He bounded over the fern like a fawn—pushed through the furze as if his legs had been adamant, and rushed through the saplings like a thunderbolt, until he came to the clump of nut-trees into which the bird had fallen. As he drove through it, a gentleman and two keepers [illegible]—that's it, is it?" said the gentleman.

"And pray, sir, who are you?"

Mr. Straggles was so frightened that he could scarcely speak. He had read of affrays with poachers, in the newspapers, and imagined that he was to be shot forthwith.

"Where is your licence, sir?" continued the gentleman.

A flash of hope illumed Mr. Straggles' mind.

He called to mind a legend he had heard, that nobody could ask you for the licence without showing their own; so he gasped forth:

"Show me yours first?"

The gentleman directly complied; and took from his pocket a flimsy piece of paper, printed upon with green ink, acknowledging the receipt of four pounds and tenpence from the owner.

"And now, sir, let me see yours?" he continued.

Poor Mr. Straggles! He might as well have been asked for a thousand pound bank-note. Anything like a licence could not be found; and, although he called Joe as loud as he could, and explained that he was a friend of a neighbor, the gentleman would not believe him. But he told his keepers to take him into custody; and between them both Mr. Straggles was walked off from the copse, and, for lack of a round-house, deposited as a poacher, in a high walled-in coal-yard of the gentleman's house.

And so passed the first day of Mr. Straggles' shooting expedition.

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FRANK QUEEN, Proprietor,
No. 102 Nassau-street, New-York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1855.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor.

Wholesale Agents.

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Federhen & Co., No. 9 and 13 Court-street, Boston.
Henry Taylor, Sun Building, Baltimore, Md.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mike, Jr., Boston.—"Please inform [illegible] in this country, by what horse, and who was the owner at the time? Also, the best time ever made [in] a foot race, and by whom." Please tell us first, if you mean running or trotting, [illegible]—also the distance in foot racing.

Johnny Roberts, Chicago.—We are afraid you are too far away to make a match with Hart, who, by this time, has probably completed his arrangements for a match with Dick Donnelly.

Washington Parade Ground.—In answer to a question in our last, a correspondent kindly informs [illegible] that the distance around the Washington Parade Ground [illegible] side, is 970½ yards, or half a mile and 90½ yards.

N. Y. Clipper.—"1. In speaking of the sentence of Smith O'Brien, was he not afterwards transported to Australia, instead of being executed? 2. Who is Young Dutch Sam? 3. Is not Young Dutch Sam, the great pugilist, dead?" 1. Yes. 2. The "Sam" mentioned in our last, is said to be a descendant of the original "Sam's." 3. Yes.

E. Warren, Catskill.—"Fistiana" will answer your numerous questions faster than we can.

C. P. B., Centre Abingdon.—"What is the quickest time one mile was ever run in, as there is a bet that it can be run in four minutes, by an amateur?" The quickest time over level ground, 4:28; we believe a mile was once run in 4:12, but it was down hill; a mile has also been run in 4 minutes, though at four different starts. Your amateur is "getting you off."

Jerry—Euchre.—"1. If two partners secure all the tricks, how much does it count? 2. If I take all the tricks, without the assistance of my partner, what does it count?" 1. Two points. 2. Four.

Enquirer.—Perhaps you are too stupid to comprehend the answers given. Your first letter was received in due season, but as we did not have the required information at our finger ends at the time, we could not answer you immediately. Your second note is couched in such language that we do not care to notice the matter further.

S., Boston.—Not having a copy of the report of Hart's fight, we cannot comply with your request.

S. G. T., Boston.—"I have heard it said that Stetson, who was defeated by Grindell in the late ten mile foot race at Cambridge, has offered to bet that he will run ten miles on the same track, within a month, and beat Grindell's time. Is it so?" We have heard nothing of such an offer—it may be correct, however.

Letty Jones, Harrisburg.—Sam Patch took his last leap over the Genesee Falls, at Rochester; not Niagara Falls, as has been supposed.

T. H.—All Fours.—B, having the deuce, and but one to go, is out. A, having two to go, notwithstanding he had the ace and jack, loses.

Wager, Philad'a.—"1. Was ever ten miles run by any pedestrian in 50 minutes? 2. What is the quickest time ever made in running half a mile?" 1. No. 2. 1:58.

P. P. J.—You can go direct to Cape May from this city by taking one of the sea steamers plying between here and Philadelphia. We think they start from the foot of Cedar street, North River. You can also reach Cape May by railroad to Philadelphia, thence by steamboat to Cape May. The trip from Philadelphia to Cape May occupies about six hours.

Young Doughface.—Chris. Lilly, after his fight with McCoy, fought and defeated Harris Birchall—we cannot say where Lilly is at present.

W. J.—We believe the race to have been a fair one, notwithstanding the rumors to the contrary. We know nothing about the present match other than having received a copy of the articles for publication.

Mat.—"1. Is running a half mile in 2:19 good time, for one not in condition? 2. Is the Red House Track half a mile around? 3. What is the quickest time of half a mile in this country, and by whom?" 1. It is. 2. It is so considered, but a friend informs us that it lacks a few yards of being half a mile. 3. We cannot positively say, but think Barlow's time, 2:10, is very near the mark.

J. P. H., Camden, N. J.—Get "Fistiana." Ross & Jones, or Hope & Yates, will forward it to you for $1.

Reindeer, Philad'a.—If Bumm refused to go on with the race, according to the agreement, Hogarth, by running the distance alone, is entitled to the stakes.

To Correspondents.

Having been absent from the city for a few days we have been unable to give the usual attention to this department. Those not answered this week, will receive attention in our next.

Notice.
Fourth of July.

Wednesday next being the Anniversary of American Independence, and (providing the temperance fanatics make no objections,) in order to allow all those engaged in our office an opportunity of joining in the festivities of the day, we shall issue our paper on Tuesday afternoon, at as early an hour as we can possibly make it convenient. Arrangements will also be made so that our agents in other cities can obtain their usual supplies one day ahead. An unusually interesting number for 4th of July week will be given.

Portrait of Morrissey.

In our next will be given a portrait of John Morrissey, who fought Sullivan at Boston Corners.

Stetson's Portrait.

A portrait of Stetson, the great pedestrian of Boston, will appear in the inside of next week's Clipper.

Tom Davis and Hammer Lane.

Read the account of the great battle between Hammer Lane and Tom Davis, on the fourth page. It will well repay perusal.

Molineaux.

Those who procured the Clipper of last week, containing the full length portrait of Tom Cribb, should not fail to secure this week's paper, containing Molineaux's likeness, as the two have been so arranged as to represent the men as they appeared in their battles.

Peace.

Notwithstanding the blustering and braggadocia of those professing to be temperance men, we sincerely believe the 4th of July will pass off without the "shedding of blood" so confidently predicted in certain quarters here. To be sure there will be plenty of shooting, but it will be for amusement only. The "largest liberty" will be the motto on the 4th, and woe betide those who should attempt to put a barrier to its enjoyment. The military will be [out], to celebrate the day, not to shoot down those who may see fit to take a glass of Lager. Peace must prevail.

Mayor Wood's Proclamation

In regard to the enforcement of the Liquor Law in this city on the 4th of July "is out," and is attracting considerable attention. The Mayor cautions police officers as to their duties in seizing liquors, &c., and warns them not to attempt to seize imported liquors. If imported liquors are seized, those making the seizure will be held amenable to the laws, and will have to "foot the bill" themselves. Not a very pleasant prospect for policemen. In fact the "Proclamation" intimates that in attempting to enforce the "Prohibitory Act," officers will tread upon very "delicate ground." The only way for the policemen to save themselves from having fines and penalties inflicted upon them for illegal seizures, &c., is to "touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing." In Brooklyn, Mayor Hall takes a different view of the matter, and seems determined to have a "muss" of some kind. We shall soon see.

Sequel to the Blackwood Affair.

It will be remembered that Blackwood, in his statement, offered to meet any of his enemies, and thus settle who was the "cur." We now learn from a correspondent in Boston, that Blackwood went to Evans' house on the 18th, and offered to fight Evans, who declined, but asked Blackwood if he [would] meet Tom Davis. Blackwood replied [illegible] fight Davis or any other man. It [illegible] arranged that Blackwood should fight [illegible] that day, and that each should be accompanied by one man, only. [illegible] Clewes, accompanied by [illegible] Perkins, called on Blackw[ood] [illegible] their way to Dor[chester]. It appears from our account that [illegible] soon stripped and went to work, but that the me[illegible] would not stand up against Blackwood after [illegible] Clewes [illegible] round, but resorted to the Bendigo system of going down, for nine or ten rounds more, when he became deaf to the call of time, and Blackwood won the battle in thirteen minutes.

We have also received a letter from Blackwood, giving an account of this affair, in which he states that he would like to try a few more of those who called him "cur," but above all other men, he would prefer Tom Davis or Bill Evans. There will doubtless be a "turn-up" or two before this affair is settled.

The Old Sinner.

We always said Horace Greeley was a sporter in disguise—now, we have the proof. Dick Tinto, the clever correspondent of the New York Daily Times, in speaking of a ball and supper given in Paris, says, "In the card-room were two whist tables, and I looked in to see who was winning. At one was Horace Greeley, with our brilliant Lady Secretary, Mrs. Piatt, for a partner; their adversaries were Mrs. Healy—much, too good natured to be anybody's adversary—and a gentleman whose name I did not learn. At the particular moment of the game which fell under my observation, Mr. Greeley and his fair *vis-a-vis* were in the nine holes—their opponents counting but six. Diamonds were trumps, and the lead was Mrs. Piatt's. Mr. Greeley sometimes found it difficult to proceed according to Hoyle, such was the constant succession of old acquaintances, who wished to ask him how he did. He once played third hand low in consequence, and, of course, lost the trick!"

Greeley has since been put in prison, in Paris, at the suit of an exhibitor at the New York Crystal Palace. "Old Morality" seems to be a "gay deceiver."

The Boston Jubilee.

A vast concourse of persons will doubtless visit Boston on the 4th of July to witness the grand regatta, under the patronage and supervision of the municipal authorities. This promises to be a most magnificent affair, and will be participated in by some of the most expert boatmen in this country.

The New York boat, built to compete in the regatta, is named after an *attache* of the Herald, J. D. R. Putman, and on Monday, the 2d inst., will be taken to Boston, to be entered for the race. The boat, which is 35 feet in length, was built by Newman & Randell, of this city. It is the longest four-oared boat ever entered for any race, and has been pronounced by competent judges to be of exquisite model and finish. The crew, who call themselves the New York Hallen Amateur Club, have already won well-merited distinction in many a hotly contested race. Their names are, Stephen Roberts, William Decker, H. Larson, and J. Matherson. Mr. George C. Newman will act as coxswain. Their dress will be light pantaloons, blue and white striped shirt, and check skull cap. This boat has been entered for the first race, which is for a purse of $100; and the fourth, which is for a silver pitcher and two goblets, valued at $250. There will also be a dory or flat bottomed boat race, for which a New York built boat will be entered. There will be several boat clubs from St. John, N. B., Halifax, and other places. Among others, a certain Union boat club from Halifax, who are said to be terrible fellows in a race.

OUR GAME BA[G.]

ODDS AND ENDS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

The American Wonder.

George Seward, the "American Wonder," as he is called in England, having been idle for some time past, has put forth the following challenge:

G. Seward (the American Wonder) having been on the shelf for some time is anxious for another shy, and will run six of the best men in Wales in one hour 100 yards each, and run each man separately every ten minutes, for £25, the men to stake £5 a piece, and Seward to defeat the six or forfeit the £25; to run at Cardiff, Glamorganshire, in four weeks from the first deposit; or Seward will [run] any man in Wales one mile, for the same sum.

Billiard Playing.

There has been some interesting games played at the room of Mr. Bird, in Exchange street, Philadelphia. The sport commenced on the evening of the 20th. The following is the result:

First Game—By Phelan and White; around the table; won by White. Second Game—4 ball carom; by Phelan and White; won by Phelan. Third Game—French 3 ball carom game; won by White. Fourth Game—By White and Bird; 4 ball carom game; won by White. Fifth Game—By Phelan and Bird; around the table; won by Bird. Sixth Game—By Phelan and Bird; whole game; won by Phelan. Seventh Game—By Phelan and Bird; whole game; won by Phelan. Eighth Game—By Phelan and White; 4 ball carom; won by Phe[lan].

The game was continued the 21st, with the following result:

First game of two hundred and fifty points around the table, by Phelan and White; won by Phelan. Second game of two hundred and fifty points around the table, by Phelan and White; won by Phelan. Third game, by Phelan and Bird, one hundred points around the table; won by Bird. Fourth game, a four-hand match; Messrs. White and Bird against Phelan and a gentleman of Philadelphia, of two hundred and fifty points; won by White and Bird. Fifth game, by Phelan and White, 4 ball carom game of one hundred points; won by White.

The following is the result of the play on the 22d:

First game, by Phelan and Bird, around the table, one hundred points; won by Phelan. Second game, by Phelan and Bird, around the table, one hundred points; won by Bird. Third game, White and Bird, around the table, one hundred points; won by Bird. Fourth game, by White and Bird, around the table, one hundred points; won by White. Fifth, by Phelan and White, two hundred and fifty points, around the table; won by White. Sixth game, 3 ball carom game, by Phelan and White; won by White. Seventh game, 4 ball carom game, one hundred points, by Phelan and White; won by Phelan. Eighth game, four-hand match, one hundred points; White and Bird against Phelan and a gentleman of Philadelphia; won by White and Bird.

Quick Passage.

The clipper Ocean Telegraph, Captain Willis, of Boston, arrived on Monday, 25th, from Callao, having made the shortest passage on record. She sailed from Callao on the 28th of April [illegible] ing the run in fifty-eight days. We believe [illegible] some ten or twelve days shorter [illegible] viously accomplished.

The Buffalo Express says a freight tr[ain] [illegible] ing of *one hundred and forty-four* [illegible] of which were loaded with [illegible] miscellaneous freight, left that city for the [illegible] over the Central Road, on Saturday. Se[veral] motives were employed in the drawing proce[ss].

A Remarkable Man and a Remarkable Family.

There is now in Toledo a man measuring in height 7 feet 4 inches, and weighing 314 pounds. His family in Switzerland consist of his parents, three brothers, and three sisters, whose average height is nearly seven feet: Father, 53 years of age, 5 feet 10 inches in height; mother, 49, 6 ft. 2 in.; oldest brother, 36, 7 ft. 8 in.; second brother, 20, 6 ft. 3 1-2 in.; third brother, 18, 7 ft. 2 in.; oldest sister, 28, 6 ft. 8 in.; second sister, 18, 7 ft. 6 1-2 in.; third sister, 16, 6 ft. 4 in.; himself, 30, 7 ft. 4 in.

BASE BALL.
Eagle against Gotham Club.

This match came off on the 22d, on the ground of the Red House, Harlem. Gotham got a great victory, making their 21 runs, while their adversaries only made 3. The following is the score:

EAGLE CLUB.	Runs.	GOTHAM CLUB.	Runs.
1..Hyatt	0	1..T. Van Cott	2
2..Smith	0	2..Burns	2
3..Gibbes	0	3..Sheridan	4
4..Connor	0	4..W. Van Cott	2
5..Place	1	5..Teed	4
6..Colgate	1	6..Case	4
7..Winterbottom	0	7..McFarlane	2
8..Baker	1	8..Cudlipp	0
9..Harrison	0	9..Vale	1
Total	3	Total	21

Eagle Club: Pitcher, Gibbs; Judge, Mott. Behind man, Place. Runs—1st innings, 0; 2d, 3; 3d, 0; and 4th, 0.

Gotham Club: Runs—1st innings, 6; 2d, 7; 3d, 4; and 4th, 4. Pitcher, T. Van Cott; Behind man, Vale; Judge, G. Van Cott.

Referee—Dr. Adams, of the Knickerbocker.

Two other matches are talked of—the return match, Gotham against Knickerbocker, and Putnam's, of East Brooklyn, against Astoria; time not fixed. A new Club has been organized, and play every Monday and Thursday at the Red House, Harlem, called the Baltic. President, W. H. Taylor; Vice President, Capt. J. Varian; Treasurer, Robert Cornell; Secretary, C. Cornell.

Jersey City Club.

The Jersey City Base Ball Club, lately organized played their first game on Saturday afternoon, 23d on the Common between Jersey City and Hoboken. The Club consists of about twenty-five members. They played well, and after a very little practice will be able to compete doubtless with any Club in this vicinity. The following is the score for two games:

FIRST GAME.

Jordan	3	Bache	
Varick	4	Burgess	
Dummer	1	Gregory	
Scudder	3	Bixby	
Hart	2	Hyde	
Boyce	3	Shusby	
	16		2

SECOND GAME.

Jordan	0	Bache	
Varick	0	Burgess	
Dummer	1	Bixby	
Scudder	2	Hyde	
Hart	1	Shusby	
Boyce	1	Pringle	
Hutton	1	Bache, Sr.	
	6		2

Pitcher, Scudder. Catcher, Varick. Capt. Jordan. Runs—First innings, 14; 2d, 2; 3d, 6.

Burgess. Bixby. Bache. Runs—First inning, 15; 2d, 27.

SPARRING.

M'Intyre and W[illegible] Benefit.

At the Brooklyn Museum, on the 22d, was not so well attended as had been expected. The extreme length of Ingomar occupied the greater part of the evening, so that but little sparring took place.

Dick Donnelly's Exhibition,

Announced for the 22d, was postponed, but will come off without fail at Mulligan's, Grand street Hall, on Tuesday evening next, July 3d. Harry Gribbin and Dick will give the wind-up. The postponement of Dick's exhibition will account for his non-appearance in Boston, to make a match with Hart. We hope to see Grand street Hall well filled on Tuesday evening.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Stetson the Boston Pedestrian.

We are extremely sorry to hear that our young friend Stetson, the Boston pedestrian, has been seriously ill for the past two weeks. We are glad to be able to announce, however, that he is much better at present, and, if possible, will compete for the purses to be run for at Cambridge on the 29th.

Foot Racing on the Union.

Several matches have been made since our last. On the evening of the 21st, several friends of Gordon and Williams, in Brooklyn, made a match for these two runners to run a mile the following day for $200, but when the parties appeared on the ground, owing to some difficulties, the money was drawn, and a fresh match made as follows:

Gordon and Williams to run a match of four different races, viz: 100 yards, 1-4 mile, 1-2 mile, and 1 mile, at four different starts, for $50 each race; total amount, $200. This match is to come off on the Union Race Course, L. I., on Monday, 16th of July.

Let these matches be carried out in a manly, straightforward manner, and we shall soon have plenty of pedestrian sports to notice.

The Five Miles Foot Race.
Monday, July 2d.

The match between Dorcy and Williams, to run five miles, on the Union Course, on Monday next, for $300, is exciting considerable attention in sporting circles, more especially in Brooklyn, where the parties reside. We expect to see the race run in excellent time; better, perhaps, than has been made in a number of years. Cars leave the South Ferry, Brooklyn, at 2 o'clock, for the Course, and stages leave Williamsburgh every half hour. Don't forget Monday next, July 2d, on the Union Race Course, Long Island.

Sport for Friday, 29th.
Foot Races on the Cambridge Trotting Park, near Boston.

This affair, noticed in our last, promises to be well attended and to show some good time. The event of the day will probably [be] the foot race of one mile, for which, it will be seen below, the celebrated mile runners, Barlow, of this city, and Stetson, of Boston, have entered. The following is the list of entries for the different races:

B. B. Mehegan,	John [illegible]
S. M. Sprague,	John Christian.
John Howard,	Thomas Green,
Thomas Singleton,	Charles Brown,
John Winchester,	Lewis Dayton.
William Sweeney.	

HALF MILE RACE.

William Spencer,	James Smith,
John E. Taylor, Philad'a,	of Albany, N. Y.

MILE RACE.

James Forgerty,	Frenchy,
William Freestone, alias Billy Barlow, of New York.	
John Stetson, Jr.,	George Brown.

The full particulars of this pedestrian jubilee will be given in our next, which will be issued on Tuesday afternoon.

Mickey Free, the Irish Pedestrian.

Our old friend Mickey seems to have plenty of work on hand, and must have accumulated quite a snug sum for a rainy day by his pedestrian performances in this State and the Canadas. He is now matched to run a race of 12 miles over the Oneida Course at Utica, on the 3d of July. His competitor is Steep Rock, a Florida Indian, and the purse is $500. They are to jump 1,200 hurdles during the race.

By the following announcement, which we take from a Syracuse paper, it would appear that Mickey is coming the "Barnum dodge" over the good people of Syracuse:

Mickey Free.—This celebrated pedestrian will create some excitement this afternoon and evening, by his performances. About six o'clock this afternoon, he will parade the streets accompanied by a band of music and a company of Indian warriors in full costume, paint, feathers and all. In the evening, Mickey will give an entertainment at Mechanic's Hall, when he will perform a variety of wonderful feats, and the Indians will give a grand War Dance, together with imitations of the cruelties and traits of Savages, by Jake Farmer, and eight other Indians. Mickey's performance will include the following feats of agility, which will be accomplished within one hour: 1st, run 200 yards; 2d, pick up 40 stones one yard apart; 3d, walk 200 yards backwards; 4th, run a hoop 50 yards; 5th, jump 50 hurdles; 6th, run 200 yards backwards; 7th, walk 200 yards; 8th, hop 100 yards on one leg; 9th, jump six double hurdles; 10th, pick up 20 eggs, one yard apart, without touching ground with his knees. This is a combination of *foreign* and *native* attractions that ought to satisfy all parties, and Mickey winds up his bills, announcing his performance, with the following true Milesian invitation: "Come one, come all, and *bring the ladies!*"

The following is the sequel. It will be seen that although Mickey was allowed one hour to perform the feats, he "got through them" in 25 minutes:

The feats advertised to be performed by Mickey Free on Saturday evening at Mechanics' Hall in one hour, were all accomplished in 25 minutes, and Mickey closed the performance by jumping a hurdle five feet high. We are informed that he intends to repeat the performance at Avery Hall, in the First Ward, on Thursday evening next. He will be assisted by a band of Onondaga Indians, who will give some illustrations of the peculiar traits o savage life.

Canine.

Boston, June 25, 1855.

I have a small dog that never fought for anything, that I would like to match against any dog of 25 lbs., give or take 1 lb., for $100 a side; the fight to come off within ten miles of Boston. Dog and money ready any time at 118 Fourth street, South Boston.

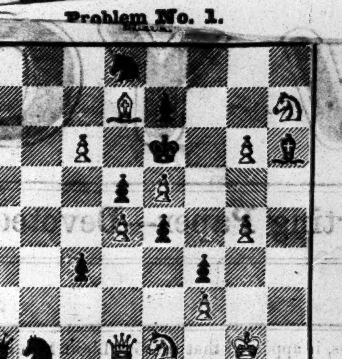
Edward Reilly.

Rat Killing.

A rat match took place at Marriott's on the 21st, for $50, between a Brooklyn slut and one belonging to Marriott, at 25 rats each heat. The Brooklyn slut killed her first 25 in 2 min. and 7 seconds—Marriott's in 2:20—the Brooklyn slut winning the heat. Second heat, won by Marriott in 2:15—the Brooklyn slut occupying 2:59. Total time, Marriott's, 4:35—Brooklyn, 5:06.

Problem No. 1.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to mate in six moves.

GAME PLAYED BETWEEN VON DER LASA AND HANSTEIN.

Hanstein.	Der Lasa.
1..Q P 2	Q B P 2
2..Q P advances	K P 2
3..K P 2	Q P 1
4..K B P 2	K B P 2
5..K B Q 3	K B P x P
6..K B x P	K Kt B 3
7..Q Kt B 3	K B K 2
8..K Kt B 3	Castles
9..K B P x P	P x P
10..Castles (a)	Kt x B
11..Kt x Kt	Q B K B 4
12..K R K	Q Kt Q 2
13..P Q 6	K B K R 5
14..Q B K Kt 5 (b)	K B x B
15..Q Kt x B	Q K B 3 (c)
16..Q Q 5 x	K K R
17..Q x Q Kt P	Q R Q Kt (d)
18..Q Q 5	B x Q Kt P
19..K Kt x P	Kt x Kt
20..Q x Kt	Q K B 7 x
21..K K R	B K Kt 3
22..Kt K 6	K R K B 3
23..P Q 7, wins (e)	

(a) If you take Pawn with Kt, he changes K Kt for K B, and then checks with K B R 5, in order to follow with Q K 2.

(b) Prettily conceived.

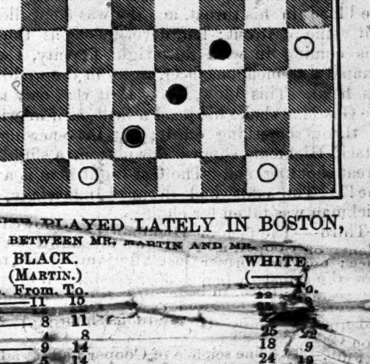
(c) If he move K P R 1, you check with Queen in preparation for K Kt B 7.

(d) If he take K P with Queen, you capture Rook with Queen, having in view Kt K B 7 x.

(e) Hanstein is one of the most brilliant players of the day.

GAME OF CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.
CRITICAL POSITIONS.
Number 1.

White to Move and Win.



GAME PLAYED LATELY IN BOSTON,
BETWEEN MR. MARTIN AND MR. [illegible]

BLACK. (Martin.) No.	From.	To.	WHITE. ([illegible]) From.	To.
1	11	15	22	[illegible]
2	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
3	8	11	[illegible]	[illegible]
4	[illegible]	8	25	22
5	9	14	18	9
6	5	14	24	19
7	11	15	19	16
8	12	19	23	16
9	14	18(a)	21	17(b)
10	18	25	30	21
11	6	9	16	12
12	9	14	27	23
13	8	11	32	27
14	15	18	17	13
15	1	6	28	24
16	11	15	23	19
17	7	11	26	23
18	18	22(c)	21	17(d)
19	14	21	23	18
20	11	16 and wins.		

(a) Pushing for an attack.
(b) Was this his best play?
(c) This seals White's fate.
(d) A hopeless effort.

CRICKET.

St. George and New York.
June 21.

The second eleven of St. George and New York played their first match of the season on the 21st, at Hoboken.

The following is the score:

NEW YORK CLUB.

First Innings.		Second Innings.		Total.
Castles c. Vinton b. Tilt	21	b. Bailey	10	31
Shonnard b. Tilt	14	b. Bailey	3	17
Scott b. Bailey	0	b. Bailey	11	11
Calverly b. Bailey	12	c. Bage b. Bailey	9	21
James b. Bailey	3	b. Tilt	0	3
Harrison c. Bailey b. Tilt	14	b. Bailey	6	20
Preston c. Vinton b. Tilt	8	hit wicket b. Tilt	12	20
Porter c. Johnson b. Bailey	3	run out	8	11
Spivey b. Bailey	3	b. Bailey	8	11
Maxwell not out	1	run out	0	1
Richards b. Tilt	6	not out	1	7
Byes	5	Byes	1	6
Wide ball, 1; no ball, 1	2	Leg byes	2	4
Total	92	Total	71	163

ST. GEORGE'S CLUB.

First Innings.		Second Innings.		Total.
Johnson c. Spivey b. Scott	2	b. Richards	1	3
La Montaigne b. Scott	9	b. Scott	1	10
Mumm st. Castles b. Scott	2	b. Richards	4	6
Sutlow c. Maxwell b. Richards	6	st. Cal'y b. Richards	0	6
Bailey b. Scott	16	c. Spivey b. Scott	16	32
Bage c. Spivey b. Richards	0	c. Preston b. Scott	5	5
Vinton st. Castles b. Ric'd	0	run out	0	0
Tilt b. Richards	3	b. Richards	5	8
Embry c. Spivey b. Richards	4	not out	3	7
Hindhaugh not out	1	c. Preston b. Richards	0	1
Dutton b. Richards	0	b. Richards	0	0
Wide balls	4	Wides, 6; byes, 1	7	11
Total	47	Total	42	89

Return Match.

The return match between the St. George's and Philadelphia Clubs will not be played till September, it is said.

Cricket in New Hampshire.

A Cricket Club was organized in Manchester, N. H., in April last, which now numbers eighteen members. The Club meets for practice regularly twice each week, and already have made great progress in the art and mysteries of the manly game, and bid fair to make good players. We are glad to see this game making such headway, and hope the "Manchester Cricket Club" may be the means of inducing others in that neighborhood and elsewhere, to organize themseves into Cricket Clubs.

Pacing Match.
[illegible] Time on Record!

Union Course, L. I.—Pacing—Thursday, June 21, 1855.—Match $2,000, mile heats, best three in five, to wagon and driver weighing 265 lbs.

J. D. McMann names s. m. Pocahontas	1
G. Spicer names g. g. Hero	dist.

Time of the heat—quarter, 34 sec.; half, 1:07; mile, 2:17½.

A great crowd assembled to witness this match. The speed of Hero was known to many of the turf sports on the ground, but, in regard to the mare, they were a little bothered. It was, however, a fixed fact, that she had never made a mile heat in public less than *two twenty-seven*, and whether she was able to perform it any quicker was a puzzler to nearly all present, except the owner and his confidential friends. Numerous wagers were made that 2:23 would not be made, and one bet of $1,000 was taken on 2:26 not being performed. These risks were taken principally on the ground that both steeds were going to wagons each weighing with drivers two hundred and sixty-five pounds. In view of this fact it was deemed beyond all possibility that they would pace below the *twenties*, and yet *it was accomplished*, to the utter astonishment of the entire crowd.

Near 4 o'clock the horses were scored several times in a very quiet manner, and while preparing to receive the word, some $5,000 or $6,000 was staked on the result, with Pocahontas the favorite, at $100 to $60, which, it will be observed, changed hands in "double quick time." The drivers finally announced themselves ready, and taking a long start from the draw gate at the carriage entrance, they came up to the judges' stand in beautiful style, and being about "neck and neck," the judge holding the flag gave the word "go." They darted off to the quarter without either gaining or losing much. However, the jig was up, before passing the half mile pole, as Hero made a bad "break," and acted very wild and ugly; McMann was therefore not crowded in the least, and not satisfied with having the race in his own hands, he seemed determined to show the public what kind of blooded stock he was now pulling the reins over. The mare was kept down to her work with great skill, and she almost seemed to fly around the track. This extraordinary speed of Pocahontas made the horsemen open their eyes, and the contest was brought to a close by her distancing Hero on the first mile, which she performed in *two minutes seventeen and a half seconds*. This time is the fastest ever made by a pacer in any part of the world.

Wednesday, June 20.—Trotting match, $1,000, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

H. Woodruff named r. m. Lady Franklin	1	1	1
G. Spicer named b. g. Lantern	2	2	2

Time, 2:40—2:36½—2:35½.

Tuesday, June 26.—Trotting match, $1,000, mile heats, in harness.

Wm. Whelan named s. g. Old Scraps	1	1
H. Woodruff named g. g. Active	2	2

Time, 2:55—2:51½.

Centreville Course, L. I.—Trotting.—Tuesday, June 26.—Trotting match, $1,000, mile heats, in harness.

H. Woodruff named r. m. Lady Franklin	1 1
D. Pfifer named blk. m. Saratogo Belle	2 2

Time, 2:31—2:34½.

The Turf in California.

Pioneer Course, Sunday, May 27, 1855.

Col. A. J. Gamble (J. L. Eoff) rh. g. Prince McGrath, to sulky	1	1	1
Mr. Geo. Ferguson rh. m. Lady Mac, to sulky	2	2	2
Mr. Jno. Wilson (D. Campbell) b. g. Joe Wilson, to sulky	dis.		

This [was] for a purse of $300, mile heats, best three in f[ive] [illegible] were ent[ered] Lady Mac, Jo[e Wilson and] McGrath. The betting was [illegible] Grath, and two to one again[st] [illegible] would not win the money. [illegible] *tip-top* condition, and at th[e] [illegible] horses were at in [illegible] called to the stand. The jockeys appointed were instr[ucted] [illegible]—Lady Mac the pole, McGrath second, and Joe o[n the outside] [illegible] and up they toddled for th[e] [illegible]

First Heat.—[illegible] the third flutter they got the word, the Lady cutting [illegible] ers in rounding the turn by two lengths, Joe and McGrath pegging away with a sharp stick for a lead. Before reaching the quarter pole Joe made one of those interesting "flare-ups," which gave him no show. At the half mile pole the Lady was leading by six lengths, but before she reached the three-quarter pole McGrath was by her side, and pushing her so hard that she "jumped the game," which threw her chance out for the heat, which was won by McGrath easy in 2:34. Joe distanced.

Second Heat.—At the second attempt they got the word, both pegging side by side to the half mile pole, in 1:40, when the Lady made a "toss up," and McGrath came home a winner by six lengths in 2:35 1-2.

Third Heat.—The Lady spread herself and took the lead to the half mile pole, where McGrath took it from her, winning the heat and race by two lengths in 2:31.

AQUATICS.

Rowing Match.

A row-boat race took place on the Hudson, from the foot of Spring street, Wednesday afternoon, 20th inst. The prize was a silver pitcher, valued at $60, and three boats were entered for the contest—namely, the O. U. A., Samuel Lockwood, and Live Yankee. At 4 o'clock the boats started, crossing the river near Sybil's Cave, at Hoboken, thence down the Jersey shore, between the Hoboken and Jersey City ferries, and then recrossing to Spring street. The boats were rowed by four men in each, and the distance was performed as follows:

Time.—O. U. A., manned by W. Harrington, C. Van Riper, J. Riley, T. Pepper; J. Harvery, coxswain—31 minutes. Samuel Lockwood, manned by C. Jerod, G. S. Kating, John Smith, R. Anthony; D. Williams, coxswain—32 minutes. Live Yankee, manned by H. Myers, G. Smith, Scothe, ——; ——, coxswain—35 minutes.

The prize was awarded to the O. U. A., a Spring street boat, by Messrs. Miller & Walnut, of West street. The other boats belonged at the foot of Christopher street.

Sailing Match on the Delaware.

A race between the skiff Will Morris, and the new boat "Mist," both 20 feet in length, came off on the Delaware, on the 21st. They started from a buoy boat, at Point Airy, opposite Philadelphia, at 9 o'clock, A. M., and sailed to the upper buoy off Chester Island, which they rounded in handsome style, the Morris about 3 minutes ahead, which she increased by leaving the "Mist" one mile astern, until reaching Gloucester Point, when the "Mist" began to make play, and finally rounded the buoy at Point Airy at 3:37, the Mist reaching the same point at 3:38 1-2, the "Mist" thus winning the race by 1 min. 30 seconds.

The Morris immediately challenged the "Mist" for another match, but the latter refused.

New Yacht.

Capt. John Brayhan has lately had a fine boat built, which is anchored near the Camden Docks. She is said to be a fine vessel.

Open for All Comers.

The skiff formerly known as the John Dickerson has been lengthened, and is now called the "Kate Hayes." Her owners offer to sail her against any boat on the Delaware, for $100.

ENGLISH SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

From Bell's Life in London, June 3.

Fights to Come.

JUNE 26.—Paddock and Aaron Jones—£100 a side, London.
26.—Reeves and Brookes—£10 a side, London.
JULY 3.—Norton and Quin—£20 to £15, London.
AUG. 7.—Edwards and Brown—£100 a side, London.

Suicide of Johnny Broome.

THIS once celebrated professor of the art of self-dence terminated his existence on Thursday last, at the Wrekin Tavern, Broad-court, Drury-lane, by cutting his throat. The particulars of the catastrophe will be found detailed below in the account of the inquest. The unfortunate fellow was born on the 14th of March, 1818, and was therefore in the 38th year of his age.

Even if we were so inclined, our contracted space would prevent us from going at any length into the history of this extraordinary man, and we must therefore content ourselves with a brief catalogue of his performances in the Prize Ring, to which, so long as he continued an active member thereof, he was certainly an ornament in every sense of the word. He was honorable in all his engagements—always came well to the post—was never defeated—and was one of the cleverest and gamest boxers of his day. He was a native of Birmingham, and commenced his pugilistic career at a very early age, but his first performance within the ropes and stakes were with Charles Spilsbury, for £10 a side, on the 26th of January, 1835, before he was eighteen. This battle, which took place at Sutton Coldfield, he won in 30 rounds and 63 minutes. He subsequently beat Gallett in 9 rounds, 35 minutes, February 5, 1838; Charley Jones, for £50 a side, 31 rounds, 36 minutes, Woore, Newcastle, May 21, 1839; M'Ginty, £30 a side, 150 minutes, 70 rounds, near Glasgow, July 1, 1840; and Joe Bostock, £50 a side, 47 minutes, 29 rounds, Warwickshire, October 6, 1840. It was after this last battle that some London friends, Tom Spring among the number, matched him to fight the accomplished Jack Hannan, for £500 a side. The battle came off at New Park Farm, Oxfordshire, January 26, 1841, and was won with the greatest ease by Johnny, who, at the conclusion, had scarcely a black eye. He now married, and took possession of the Rising Sun, Air street, Piccadilly, and received a golden belt. At the request of his friends he determined not to re-enter the Prize Ring, but having received a challenge from Bungaree, the Australian, to fight for £300 a side, he thought it too good a thing to be allowed to slip through his fingers; the match was made, and Broome won, without a scratch, in [illegible] rounds, 57 minutes, at Mildenhall, on the 27th of April, 1842. This was positively his last appearance in the character of a pugilist. With his career in after years we have nought to do. At one time he was possessed of a very considerable sum of money, which was almost entirely wasted in law proceedings connected with the notorious Brighton card cheating case, with the ins and outs of which our readers must be so familiar; and when that affair was settled there is too much reason to fear that the poor fellow's habits became very irregular, and that his brain, already weakened by a stroke of the sun he received some years back, at Goodwood Races, became still further affected by his intemperance. His wife, by whom he was much beloved, survives him, and we are glad to hear that her circumstances are such as to place her in comparative comfort.

THE INQUEST.

On Friday afternoon Mr. Langham, the deputy [illegible] an inquest [illegible] deceased. [illegible] tavern, which [illegible] characters and [illegible] number of sporting [illegible] body having [illegible] the deceased [illegible] called was Mr. Wil[illegible] Victoria-road, Pimlico, [illegible] the first [illegible] deposed that he had [illegible] eating-house [illegible] for the last eight or nine years, known [illegible] gave up the public-house business a few weeks ago, and for the last week or ten days had resided at the Wrekin. His (the deceased) residence was at Birmingham. On Saturday last witness met the deceased in Covent-garden Market. He appeared then in good health, but in a very nervous state. There were many causes to account for his nervousness, as his falling out with his family, and other circumstances. He was not a man of sober habits, and latterly he gave way to drinking more freely. On Saturday, when witness saw him, he (witness) complained of his (deceased) giving way to drinking, when the deceased said "put your hand on my heart and feel how it works, and then you would pity me. I can't help it, I must." Witness had understood there was a slight difference between the deceased and his wife, which was principally caused by his wife's relatives. The late charges against him relative to the card cheating case, at Brighton, and the subsequent proceedings, preyed heavily upon his mind. He always felt that he was an injured man, and was also depressed because he could never induce people to believe that he was innocent of that transaction, [illegible], in fact, that he was an honest man. The deceased had a small independent income, somewhere about £5 or £6 a week, but he (witness) believed that he had been annoyed by a judgment summons in the county court, besides an execution to a large amount. Mr. John Mitchell Ellis, landlord of the Wrekin, deposed that he had known the deceased for many years; he had been residing with witness on and off since Monday week. The deceased came on Monday week, and asked if he could have a bed. Witness said "Yes," expecting that he was going to Epsom with him; but upon inquiring in the morning, the deceased was found at full length on the floor, in a very bad state. He said, "I am dying," and asked for brandy; but witness declined to give him any, and sent for some magnesia and carbonate of soda, which revived him. As soon as the deceased was got up, witness walked with him towards Long-acre, when he continually said, "Did you see those five men following me; they are continually watching me over the bar-windows." Witness endeavored to calm him, but the impression on his mind continued. Witness said he believed that the deceased was suffering under delirium tremens from the Thursday until Sunday, on which day a gentleman having come to the house, stating that he was going to Birmingham, the deceased expressed a desire to go with him to his wife; and believing that he would do so, and being anxious he should go, witness placed brandy and water in his room. Witness went with the deceased to the London and North Western Railway Station to see him off, when he began to quarrel and square his fists at several persons, and at a late period of the evening the deceased returned to his house, when he said he desired to go by the Great Western Railway, so that he might call at Bath and Bristol and other places. Witness had a communication with some friends of the deceased, and at their request wrote a note to Mrs. Broome at Birmingham, stating the unhappy state in which the deceased was, and begging that she would come up and see him; to that letter he never received any reply. Mr. David Samuel Isaacs, of Grafton street, Soho, deposed to hearing an alarm that a man had cut his throat; he ran into the Wrekin and saw the deceased bleeding from the throat; he placed a table-cloth round the throat to stop the effusion of blood, and raised him up, placing a pillow under his head. Medical assistance was sent for, but it was of no avail, the deceased was too far gone for that, but, notwithstanding, struggled violently. Mr. Watling, in answer to a question from the [illegible] which, it was stated, the deceased had invented, capable of carrying a ball of 50lb. weight two miles, said he understood that the invention had been submitted to Government, and had been tried by competent parties, who were of opinion that its rebounding action was too great, and the rejection of his scheme preyed very much on the mind of the deceased. A police sergeant produced the knife with which the deceased destroyed himself. It was a large carving knife used in the establishment. The coroner having summed up, the jury returned a verdict of insanity.

Fights For Tuesday Next.

Young Newton and Toddy Ray, for £5 a Side.

THESE two lads made the final deposit on Tuesday last. They go to scale on Monday next, at Mr. Wibrow's, the Catherine Wheel, Catherine Wheel-square, Bishopsgate, when neither is to exceed 7st 6lbs.

Tom Paddock and Aaron Jones.

THE ninth deposit of £10, for the all-important match between these heroes, was made at Mr. Jackson's King-street Mews, on Tuesday last. The final deposit of £10 a side is to be made at Dan Dismore's Crown, Cranbourne-passage, on the 19th instant.

Edwards and Brown.

THE third deposit, of £10 a side, between Edwards of Cheltenham and Topper Brown was made at Nat Langham's on Tuesday last.

Hayes and Johnny Walker.

BILL HAYES says he has retired from the Ring, and that it will not suit him to come out again to fight Walker for so small a stake as £100 a side. Should he alter his determination, Walker shall have due notice.

PEDESTRIANISM AT WANDSWORTH.

Ten Miles Handicap Race.

THIS event came off on Monday last, on Mr. Sadler's inclosed ground, Garratt-lane, Wandsworth, the prizes given for competition by the proprietor being as follows: The winner to receive a silver belt, valued at £25, and an additional sum of £5; the second man, £3; third, £1 10s; and fourth, half a sovereign. The match, from its *bona fide* character, had produced much interest; but, owing to the state of the weather, the meeting was by no means well attended. Seven competitors only appeared, and they were handicapped in the following order: James Pudney of Mile End, at scratch; John Levitt of Battersea, 150 yards; Charles Cook of Marylebone, William Priestley of Bermondsey, John Griffiths of London, James Adams of Mitcham, receiving 400 yards; and John Golding of London, 500 yards start. When the men had taken up their allotted positions, the signal was given, and on the instant they got away in admirable style, Golding taking up the running, while the four other leading men came bounding along well together, though it was not long before Cook of Marylebone displayed a superiority in speed, by running clean away from Priestley, Griffiths, and Adams. Those celebrated clippers, Pudney and Levett, are too well known to need much comment, therefore it will be sufficient to say that they never more deserved the admiration of their friends. Cook soon cut down Golding, and at a swinging pace led the van, followed by Adams, Priestley, and Griffiths. When something more than two miles of the distance had been completed, Golding had received his *quietus*, nor was it long before the Mitcham representative and Griffiths had likewise retired from the struggle. Half the distance had now been accomplished, and the interest of the match lay between Cook, Pudney, [illegible] still kept running, yet it was only to obtain a place. Both Levett and Pudney, from over confidence in their capabilities, had, prior to the race, treated Cook as quite an unimportant competitor, but he had given them a lesson that they will not easily forget. While running the seventh mile, Pudney and Levett, by making tremendous efforts, ran right up to their man. All imagined that, having achieved this much, they would, for the remainder of the distance, have the race entirely in their own hands. This, however, was not the case; for, after running for some few moments together, Cook, to the infinite astonishment of those who had laid 4 to 1 against him, spurted from his competitors with undiminished power, and took a decided lead. So severe was the pace, that Levett, while running the eighth mile, was compelled to fall more and more in the rear, being to all intents and purposes dead beat, although he maintained his position of third man. Notwithstanding that Pudney again got close up to his opponent, still he could not pass him; for Cook, on such occasions, spurted in an astonishing manner, and, at the finish, went in a winner by near 300 yards, doing the distance in 53min. 20sec.; and that, too, without being much distressed.

Joseph Lynch and John Buxton.

THIS match, to walk 20 miles, for £15 a side, came off on Tuesday last, on Mr. Sadler's ground, in presence of but a small assemblage. Both men, on coming to the scratch, appeared to be in excellent condition, a thing most necessary in a walk of such a distance. About four o'clock the men toed the scratch, and on receiving the signal to go went at a good steady pace, and for the first two miles kept well together, for, although there was an occasional spurt, yet no prominent advantage was obtained by either, each leading alternately. From the third up to the eighteenth mile no superiority was gained on either side, but in the nineteenth mile the lasting powers of Buxton became strikingly manifest, for, having obtained the lead, he began to leave his opponent a long way behind, Lynch being at the finish of that mile full 150 yards in the rear. Being now completely "used up" Lynch resigned the contest, feeling that he had not the remotest chance of winning. Buxton still held on with undiminished speed, and completed the whole distance in three hours and sixteen minutes.

From Bell's Life, June 10.

The Late Johnny Broome.

WE had intended to devote a few lines this week to the funeral of poor Johnny Broome, who was buried on Wednesday at Norwood Cemetery, but we are glad to have been spared the melancholy duty. Mr. Field of Livery street, Birmingham, has written a letter on the subject, which, coming from an eye-witness, describes the sad scene in far better terms than we could do. The letter was brought to us by Harry Broome, who is almost heart-broken at the suddenness of the calamity, and who begged us, as a last favor to the deceased, to give it *in extenso*. It is as follows:

"MR. EDITOR: From the kind notice which appeared in the last Bell's Life relative to our friend and townsman, the late lamented John Broome, I presume a few circumstances connected with the last sad offices may not be unacceptable. The moment we received a communication from his afflicted brother, Henry Broome, as to the time when the last tribute of respect was to be paid to him, William Aston, his long tried and valued friend, myself, and a few more started for London. We knew him in boyhood, manhood, and maturer days, and did not think we were doing too much for days gone by in thus sacrificing business upon the altar of friendship. We found upon our arrival that the towns of Leicester and Liverpool had done [illegible] received one universal tribute of respect from all his old and [illegible] in one of the leading [illegible] of his inter[illegible] ent neighborhood of St. Martin's-land, (where a suite of rooms was placed at the command of Henry Broome, and a splended *dejeuner* served up,) to see the last of the "brave Johnny" of other days. The most touching of all sights was when the mother of the hero of many a well fought day entered the room, leaning upon her son's arms, and in accents broken by grief thanked us for coming to see the last of her dear John. A fine cast of Broome, taken after death by a distingushed artist, at the desire of Henry Broome, was placed upon the sofa. Before the melancholy *cortege* started, at the desire of John's most distinguished brother professionals, Ward, Caunt, Richard Cain, Dismore, Adams, &c., &c., we went to see him lying in his coffin. A beautiful embroidered handkerchief, with the following inscription, "to the Memory of John Broome, who leaves this world with the prayers and tears of his two brothers and aged mother," was placed over his manly countenance. Upon its being removed, there was a general expression of admiration and astonishment at the calm and contented appearance of the face. A large concourse of persons had assembled in St. Martin's-lane, and showed by their respectful bearing how the character of the deceased was appreciated. On arriving at Norwood Cemetery, where a grave had been purchased by Harry, the funeral service was read with great effect, and amidst the tears of all, and the violent grief of his brother Henry and Frederick, within a few yards of his first backer and friend, Tom Spring, was lowered into the grave the once renowned Johnny Broome. Whilst we humbly hope that the giver of all good may have forgiven his last rash act, we owe it to his memory to say that all the surmises that have been sent abroad to account for the terrible deed are groundless—indeed the rumors as to cannon, sun strokes, immense losses upon the Turf, &c., are so futile as not to be worthy of notice; but there is one rumor, which, as it has been invented in order maliciously to shield other parties, must be thus publicly contradicted. I mean as to the differences stated to have existed between John Broome and his brother Henry. I speak with a knowledge acquired by years of unbroken intimacy with the family, and I give to this assertion the fullest contradiction. They might have had their differences as all men have, but their brotherly love for one another (which assumed from its devotion almost the aspect of romance) remained unaltered to the last. Twenty-four hours before John's death his brother Henry having ascertained where he was staying, and that he was not well, called at the Wrekin Tavern, and told Mr. Ellis to let his brother have not merely every comfort that money could procure, but to tell him that his brother Henry Broome remained unaltered. No, Mr. Editor, it was a domestic shock—a poisoned dagger coming from hands least expected—a letter received a few minutes before his death, which snapped the clear intellect and stout heart of John Broome asunder. Yours, &c.,

FREDERICK FIELD.

Livery street, June 6, 1855.

P.S.—A monument, worthy of his position in the Ring and his social qualities, has been resolved upon; and, as I write, a gentleman of distinguished position has offered his support for the good cause.

Fight between Tommy Newton and Toddy Ray, for £5 a Side.

THESE lads met, according to articles, on Tuesday last, to fight at 7st. 6lb, for £5 a side. The fixture was not 100 miles from Woolwich Marshes. Ray was seconded by Jack Hicks and Baldock and Newton by Bos T[illegible] brother. It was a [illegible] struggle, and considering that it was the first appearance of either youth in the P. R. was a most creditable exhibition. For more than an [illegible] ner, but after the expiration of that time he began [illegible] came out, took the initiative into his own [illegible] Newton now and at the expiration of two hours and seven minutes, during which 84 rounds were fought, he put the finishing stroke to his work by giving Ray a heavy fall, which prevented him from coming again to the scratch.

Josh Price and Jem Holland of Birmingham.

THESE men fought at catch weight, for £5 a side, on Monday morning, at Sheldon Common, on the Coventry-road, five miles from Birmingham. Price is well-known in the midland districts, having fought several battles with varied success. Holland has figured but little in the Ring. His last encounter was with Purden some three years back, whom he defeated. There was a great disparity in the size of the men on the present occasion, Price standing only 5ft 8in., whilst Holland stands 6ft 1 1-2in., yet with this drawback, Price was the favorite at 6 to 4 at starting, ending at 2 to 1. Soon after ten the men shied their castors in the ring, Price attended by Jem Hodgkiss and Joe Wareham, and Holland by Toddy Middleton and Parkenson. They at once got to business. The little one popped in smartly on the ribs of his tall antagonist, who in return did little execution. Price got the first blood from the nasal organ, and also the first knock-down blow, and had the fight decidedly in his favor all through. After fighting for one hour and three-quarters, Price was declared the winner by knocking his tall opponent out of time in 65 rounds.

ASCOT RACES.

Tuesday, June 5.

ASCOT STAKES AND GOLD VASE.

THE Ascot Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and 5 only if declared; the second to receive 50 sovs. out of the stakes, and the third to save his stake; the winner of any handicap after the weights were declared, 7lb. extra; two miles and a half; 72 subs., 46 of whom declared.

Mr. T. Parr's Mortimer, by Fitz Allen, 5 yrs, 7st 1lb.......................Clement 1
Mr. J. M. Stanley's Mishap, 4 yrs, 6st.........Salter 2
Baron Rothschild's Hungerford, aged, 8st 7lb.Charlton 3
Lord Clifford's ch. f. Homily, 3 yrs, 4st 6lb, (carried 4st 10lb)......................Fordham 4

Betting: 5 to 2 against Mortimer, 6 to 1 against Hospodar, 7 to 1 against Quince, 10 to 1 each against Mishap and Hungerford, 12 to 1 each against Ireland's Eye and Bluebeard, 14 to 1 against Homily, and 50 to 1 against Sailor. Mishap went to the front the instant the flag fell, and cut out the work at a strong pace, followed past the Stand by Dr. Cook and Mortimer, Hospodar (pulling tremendously) lying fourth and Bluebeard fifth, Vandal and Vandenhoff succeeding them, and Homily and Ireland's Eye, who had laid off by themselves a long way behind the ruck, bringing up the rear. Putting on the steam after rounding the top turn, Mishap increased her lead to a dozen lengths, and the effect of the pace thus early made itself apparent, the field being "spread-eagled" in such an extraordinary manner that there could not have been less than a hundred yards between the first horse and the last. Dr. Cooke and Mortimer laid close together at least six lengths before Hospodar, between whom and the ruck the interval was equally wide. In descending the Swinley Hill, Bluebeard and Vandenhoff were passed by Hungerford, Quince, Vandal and Sailor, and this lot running in Indian file, also gave Hospodar the go-by in the bottom, Quince and Homily still lying last of everything. With the exception of Dr. Cooke and Mortimer changing places once or twice, there was no other alteration worth mentioning until making the turn into the Old Mile Course, when Mishap's lead began to diminish, and the second division drew a little closer to the favorite. At the Brick [illegible] Dr. Cooke retired, and Hungerford became [illegible] Quince fourth, and Sailor fifth; Homily and Ireland's Eye gaining upon them at every stride. Very little remains to be told—Mortimer followed Mishap round the turn, and when fairly in the straight caught and headed her; half-way in the distance Hungerford made his effort, and for a moment got to the favorite's quarters, but dying away again left the two "M's" to finish the race, Mortimer going on with a slight lead to the end, and winning cleverly, if not easily, by half a length; Hungerford finishing four lengths behind the second, and Homily, who passed Quince in the last few strides, two lengths from the Baron's horse. Quince was fifth, Ireland's Eye sixth, Vandal seventh, Bluebeard eighth, and Dr. Cooke ninth. Hospodar walked in next, a long way behind them. Samaritan broke a blood vessel early in the race, and Vandenhoff, in jumping the road at the Brick Kilns, dislocated his shoulder. Run in 4 minutes 35 seconds.

The Gold Vase, given by her Majesty, added to a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each; three year olds 7st. [illegible] four 9st. five 9st. 7lb., six and aged 9st. 9lb.; mares and geldings allowed 5lb.; horses that have never won above the value of 50 sovs. or received 100 sovs. for running second before the time of starting, to be allowed weight in the following proportions: three year olds 4lb., four 7lb., five 12lb., six and aged 18lb. (matches not to be reckoned as winnings); the winner of the Derby, Oaks, or St. Leger in 1854 or 1855, 10lb., the winner of the Ascot, Goodwood, or Doncaster Cup, or of the Queen's Vase at Ascot in 1854, 7lb., and of the Riddlesworth, Two Thousand Guineas, Newmarket, Port, or Cl[illegible] Stakes, and the second in the Derby, Oaks, or St. [illegible]ger in 1854 or 1855, 4lb. extra; two miles; 9 su[illegible]

Mr. Howard's [illegible] Oulston, by Melbourne, 3 yrs, 7st 3lb..............................Wells 1
Mr. C. Thellusson's Rataplan, 5 yrs, 9st 7lb. P. Prince 2
Mr. T. Parr's Saucebox, 3 yrs, 7st 3lb.......Clement 3
Mr. W. Palmer's The Chicken, 3 yrs, 7st 3lb. Aldcroft 4
Mr. J. Parker's Noisy, 3 yrs, 7st 3lb.......J. Goater 5
Mr. Combe's The Tumbler, 3 yrs, 7st 3lb....J. Mann 6

Betting: [illegible] to 4 against Rataplan, 5 to 2 against The Chicken, 4 to 1 against Oulston, and 10 to 1 against Saucebox. After the first few strides the lead was taken by Rataplan, who made play at a good pace, followed by Saucebox, The Chicken, Oulston, Tumbler, and Noisy, in the order named to the top of the Swinley hill, when Tumbler ran into the third place, and remained there until entering the old mile post, when he broke down, and shortly afterwards became last of everything. Upon Tumbler's retirement, Oulston took his place next to Saucebox, whom he followed into the straight, where he passed him. Drawing upon Rataplan in rising the hill he caught him at the Stand, had him safe in a few strides, and won in the commonest of canters by two lengths, Saucebox, who finished twice as far behind the favorite, beating Noisy a long way; Tumbler walked in. Run in 3 minutes 50 seconds.

Wednesday, June 6.—Royal Hunt Cup.

THE ROYAL HUNT CUP, a piece of plate value 200 sovs., by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 100 added, for all ages (two year olds excepted); the winner of any handicap value 100 sovs., including the winner's stake, after the weights are declared, 7lb extra; New Mile; 48 subs.

Lord Clifden's b f Chalice, by Orlando, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb Fordham...................................... 1
Lord Wilton's Orson, 4 yrs, 6st 9lb.........Ashmall 2
Mr. Hill's Ireland's Eye, 5 yrs, 7st 13lb.......A. Day 3
Mr. Howard's [illegible], 4 yrs, 9st 7lb...............Wells 4

Betting: 5[illegible] agst Brother to Little Harry, 6 to 1 agst O[illegible] [illegible]nter, 100 to 8 each agst The Early Bird, Hercules, and [illegible] [Cha]lice, 100 to [illegible] agst Humboldt, Epa*minondas* and [illegible] Ireland's Eye and Mr. Sykes, 100 to 1 e[illegible] [illegible] and Octavia. Hospodar showed [illegible] [adv]ance for the first hundred yards, when the running was taken up by [illegible] followed by Foxhunter, [illegible] left hand side of the course, the Sneer colt and Humboldt lying together in the middle, between them and the right hand division, composed of Hospodar, Brother to Little Harry, Ireland's Eye, William Rufus, The Early Bird, and Epaminondas. The foregoing ran in a line which extended across the course, to the distance, where Octavia was passed by Orson and Chalice, the former going on with a slight lead until opposite the Queen's Stand, when Chalice made her effort, and, after a splendid race, won on the post by a short head, Orson swerving a little to the right in the last three or four strides. Ireland's Eye and Virago, who laid off with Typee and Wilsford in the early part of the race, came at the Stand, and finished third and fourth, Ireland's Eye, who was beaten half a length by Orson, having an advantage of a head only over Virago, about a length from whom was Foxhunter fifth; Octavia being sixth, Brother to Little Harry seventh, and Hospodar, Wilsford, and Hercules next, all close together. What followed we could not made out; Cardigan, who turned round at starting and Roco-meli were the last two. Faulkner weighed for Roebuck, and his number was put up, but the horse did not go to the post. Run in 1min. 43sec.

Thursday, June 7.—The Cup Day.

THE GOLD CUP value 300 sovs, by subscription of 20 sovs, with 200 added; three years olds 6st. 10lb, four 8st 5lb, five 9st, six and aged 9st 3lb; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; to start at the Cup post and go once round (about two miles and a half); 12 subs.

Lord Zetland's Fandango, by Barnton, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb Ashmall...................................... 1
Mr. C. Thellusson's Rataplan, 5 yrs, 9st.....J. Prince 2
Mr. Howard's Virago, 4 yrs, 8st 5lb..............Wells 3
Mr. J. Merry's The Wild Huntsman, 4 yrs, 8st 5lb S. Rogers...................................... 4
Mr. W. Palmer's The Chicken, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb..T. Cliff 5
Baron Rothschild's Hungerford, aged, 9st 3lb Charton...................................... 6

Betting: 9 to 4 agst Rataplan, 5 to 2 each agst Virago and Fandango, and 7 to 1 agst Hungerford. Rataplan cut out the work at a wretched pace, followed by Virago, Fandango, Wild Huntsman, Hungerford, and The Chicken in the order named up the course, past the Stand, and round the top turn, when Wild Huntsman passed Fandango, and Virago, who pulled so hard that Wells was obliged to indulge her, went up to Rataplan and ran at his side down the hill into the Swinley bottom. Here Rataplan resumed the lead, but without improving the pace, which continued wretched until making the turn into the old mile course, where Virago went to the front and improved it. After crossi[ng] the road at the brick-kilns Fandango repassed [illegible] Huntsman, and before reaching the turn clo[illegible] with Rataplan, who now laid at Virago's [illegible] The Chicken and Hungerford at the same [illegible] proving their positions a little. When [illegible] the turn Fandango joined Rataplan, [illegible] drawing upon the mare at every sid[illegible] headed her below the distance, from [illegible] became a match between the two hor[ses] [illegible] on nearly abreast until within fif[illegible] chair, when Fandango got his [illegible] gradually increasing his adv[antage] [illegible] three-quarters of a length, [illegible] lengths behind Rataplan; [illegible] was a very bad fourth. [illegible] Hungerford la[illegible] wide int[illegible] latter. Ru[illegible] recedes [illegible] is equall[illegible] and t[illegible]

WE are happy [illegible] happened to Marlo[w] [illegible] Oaks, was not of [illegible] ported, though [illegible] bed for a long per[iod] [illegible] riding again until the close of the present, or beginning of next season. Circumstances prevented us last week from obtaining the exact particulars of the accident, but we have since been furnished with the necessary details. As stated in our description of the race, Nettle laid at Amy's quarters on the inside, until approaching the chains that are placed near the mile post, when, owing to those immediately behind closing upon her, the mare was driven so close to the iron posts that Marlow's left foot caught the chain and top of the post, which bent the stirrup on to his instep, and it is presumed, drove the spur into her side, for at that instant the mare reared up, and went headlong over the chains, Marlow having previously fallen off owing to his girths breaking, and the saddle turning round. The first persons that ran to his assistance were Mr. Bothwell, of Dorking, and Mr. Sargent, of Reigate, a medical gentleman, the former of whom supported him while the latter made an examination of the left leg, wherein Marlow complained of great pain. After getting away his boot and breeches, it was discovered that two of the bones were broken between the calf and ankle, whereupon Mr. Sargent set the limb on the spot, the fracture fortunately not being a compound one. In due time a conveyance was procured, and Marlow was conveyed to his lodgings at Mrs. Macdonald's (the wife of the well-known jockey to whom Prince Albert presented a whip after winning the Derby on Little Wonder,) where he has since received every possible kindness and attention; and is now under the care of Mr. Foster, the surgeon, of Epsom. On Friday afternoon, we are happy to state, he was progressing most favorably. The accident at the time appeared to cause great regret among all parties, and a subscription (to which Messrs. Tattersall have kindly consented to act as treasurers) has been commenced on behalf of the unfortunate sufferer. The list, it will be seen, includes the names of many noblemen, gentlemen, and professionals connected with the Turf, and the amount already collected exceeds £494—the most gratifying and substantial proof of the high opinion entertained of Marlow's strict integrity, and straightforward honorable conduct throughout his long career. An absurd tale has got abroad that Marlow was drugged before the race for the Oaks, but we are authorized to state that there is not the slightest shadow of a foundation for such a rumor; and we can ourselves bear testimony to the fact that his demeanour beforehand would not in the slightest degree justify such an assumption.

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SUCCESSFUL results have proved beyond question that Dr. Gouraud's celebrated Italian Medicated Soap, for the prevention and cure of chaps, chafes, &c., &c., is the most efficacious and really useful article ever offered to the public. It is also unequalled for giving a clear and youthful appearance to the complexion. Dr. Gouraud has also successfully introduced to the notice of the public a superior article of Hair Dye, which changes the hair to a beautiful brown, or jet black, without the least injury to the hair or skin. This latter is an important consideration, as many of the Hair Dyes offered for sale are not only incapable of performing the miracles promised, but are oftentimes injurious both to the hair and skin. All the cosmetics prepared by Dr. Gouraud can be depended on as being all they are stated to be, as nothing that will prove the least hurtful is used in their manufacture. Dr. Gouraud's office is at No. 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway. Also, for sale at T. R. Callendar's, 88 South Third street, Philadelphia, and of Bates & Jordan, 129 Washington street, Boston.

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A. H. P[illegible] Proprietor. [illegible] Orchestra [illegible] 25 cts. [illegible]

THE YOUTHFUL KING.
Charles II....Cordelia Howard | Ruy Gomez...Mr. G. C. Howard
THE LAMPLIGHTER.
Trueman Flint.......................Mr. G. C. Howard
Litty Gerty...Cornelia Howard | Emily Graham....Mrs. Howard
1955! OR ONE HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.
Manager........Mr. G. L. Fox | Charming Idea..Miss Hathaway.

Buckley's Minstrels,

CHINESE HALL, 539 BROADWAY. BUCKLEY, Proprietor; R. BISHOP BUCKLEY, Musical Director. Admission 25 cts. Doors open at 7—commence at 8 o'clock. Burlesque Operas.

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IN THESE KNOW NOTHING DAYS 'TIS DANgerous to say we *know* anything, but we boldly venture, even with this difficulty staring us in the face, and for the sake of Truth and Justice, to declare that we really do *know* something, and that is, "LOSEE'S BOY'S CLOTHING STORE," at the corner of John and Nassau streets, is one of the best establishments in New York to get a complete, good, and fashionable outfit for our Juveniles. Economy is the order of the day there. 9

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SUPPLY AND DEMAND ARE THE GREAT principles that control prices in the commercial world, and these were never more fully developed than in the extensive CARPET STORE of W. & T. LEWIS, of Pearl street, where by their extensive and choice assortment of everything needful to furnish a house well at moderate prices, they are enabled to create a demand for their articles that cannot be surpassed by any house in the City. We say give them a call. 9

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ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS DAMAGES WERE awarded to us in the United States Circuit Court in New York, May 25, 1855, against the Excelsior Sewing Machine Company, for infringing three of our patents. All persons are cautioned against buying or using any of the inferior Sewing Machines of other manufactories, against which numerous suits are now commenced. SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES, always acknowledged to be the best, have just been greatly improved so as to [illegible] without noise and with half the exertion formerly required [illegible] factory references given that these Machines will pe[illegible] kind of work. Call and examine them.

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9

[illegible] Horses! Stand[illegible]

J. P. WILLIAMS, POWER P[RESS] [illegible] begs leave to inform the Publishers [illegible] public in general, that he still continues his [illegible] street, in the rear building, where he has [illegible] PRESS WORK as cheap and as good as any [illegible] of the kind in the City.

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SPARKING SUNDAY NIGHT.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THOSE THAT ARE GUILTY.

Sitting in the corner,
On a Sunday eve,
With a taper finger
Resting on your sleeve;
Starlight eyes are casting
On [illegible] vest—
[illegible] 'tis working,
On this day of rest;
Hours seem but minutes,
As they take their flight;
Bless me! ain't it pleasant—
Sparking Sunday night?

Dad and Mam are sleeping
On their peaceful bed,
Dreaming of the things
The folks in meeting said;
"Love ye one another!"
Ministers recite;
Bless me! don't we do it—
Sparking Sunday night?

One arm with gentle pressure
Lingers round her waist,
You squeeze her dimpled hand,
Her pouting lips you taste;
She freely slaps your face,
But more in love than spite;
Oh! thunder!—ain't it pleasant,
Sparking Sunday night?

But hark! the clock is strikin—
It is two o'clock I snum!
As sure as I'm a sinner,
The time to go has come.
You ask with spiteful accents,
"If "that old clock is right?"
And wonder if it ever
Sparked on Sunday night?

One, two, three sweet kisses,
Four, five, six you hook—
But thinking that you rob her
Give back those you took;
Then, as for home you hurry,
From the fair one's sight,
Don't you wish each day was
Only Sunday night?

SPORTING EVENTS OF THE PAST.

[Under this head we design publishing such sporting events of interest as transpired previous to the commencement of the CLIPPER.]

NUMBER NINE.

The Prize Fight between Hammer Lane and Tom Davis.

June 25, 1850.

THIS match was for £50 a side, and took place at Noman's Heath, five miles beyond Tamworth, and twenty-eight from Birmingham. For nearly ten years Lane had rested upon his laurels, and pursued the occupation of a licensed victualler in his native town, but times proving adverse he declined keeping the house as the house would not keep him. The present match, which was booked as a certainty by his over-sanguine friends, was looked on as a means to give a game and true-hearted boxer another lift upon his feet. From this partiality 7 to 4, and finally 2 to 1 on Lane was the prevailing betting. His opponent, Davis, six years his junior, a hardy fellow, 1st. in weight, and whose terrific fight with Ben Terry will long be remembered by the Birmingham Fancy. Hammer Lane had trained at Broomsgrove, in Worcestershire, his "breathings" being accompanied by Hiley, the pedestrian, and he certainly looked extremely well in eye, flesh and skin. Davis trained at [illegible]mmonds's, under the care of that pugilist, and was all that his best friends could wish. At twenty minutes to one, the veteran skied his cap, within the ropes, amid the cheers of his admirers, and the challenge was quickly replied to by Davis. The spikes in the shoes of the last-named man were properly objected to, and a file being [illegible] were quickly reduced to [illegible] [illegible] seconds; Tom Lane and Ben Terry waiting on the veteran Hammer, while Sam Simmonds and Solid Coates attended on Tom Davis. Lane having won the toss for corners, the men sat down under capacious umbrellas, necessary to shield them from the broiling sun, while umpires and a referee should be chosen. This proved a most tedious and annoying affair. A dozen or two of persons were proposed, and other arbitration objected to with as much quibbling pertinacity as by a prisoner's counsel, on an Irish State trial. Two mortal hours were thus cut to waste; at length, at five minutes to three, a gentleman who had previously refused the thankless office, was prevailed on to act. Hammer now advanced on the middle of the ring, and offered £30 to £20 that he won the fight, which was declined by Davis and his friends. The colors, blue bird's eye for Hammer, and a white and blue square for Davis, being knotted to the stake, the men stood up for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Lane looked fresh and ruddy, and for an old stager, remarkably clear-skinned and bright. His frontispiece, it is true, was marked with the scars of former battles, and some of his front grinders absent since "long, long ago." Yet he grinned confidently, and, to our thinking, seemed to hold his opponent lightly. Davis's black nob, close clipped, *a la* Jack Sheppard, and his broad dark muzzle, offered a strong contrast to the fair hair [illegible] skin of his antagonist. In height there was [illegible]ttle difference, Davis, who is 5ft. 8in. having [illegible]dvantage. The position of Davis was [illegible]ust as we remember it in days [illegible] manœuvrings, in which [illegible] and was [illegible] Lane

play. Davis a little the longer, and certainly (so do times change, and men change with them) the harder hitter. Davis again visited Lane's left eye, this time over the eyebrow, where he left an ugly cut. Lane rushed in to work, delivered one, two, missed an upper-cut that might have been mischievous, and was down in the scrimmage at the [illegible] seem to be able to reckon [illegible] up at all. Davis was bustling and confident, and pursued Lane, who retired, apparently to draw him, but Davis did not let go his hand, and they got entangled at the rope; after a brief struggle, Davis got through Lane's hands and down.

10. Lane seemed to warm to his work; he got in his left on Davis's cheek, but received a ribber in return; exchanges, when Lane fell.

11. A close and struggle, and Davis got down at the ropes.

12. Lane's left stopped. Lane got home his right on Davis's cheek, yet his blows did not seem to tell, for their repetition, as yet, had made no mark, except a slight cut and swelling of the lip. Lane missed, and the men closed; Davis tried to give Lane the crook, but he shifted, avoided it, and got down laughing.

13. Davis again hit Lane on the eye, but received a sounding body hit in exchange; Lane's right hand seemed open. Davis bored in, and Lane fell to avoid.

14. Davis once more popped in his left on Lane's mazzard, who bled copiously. Lane went to work with both hands, weaving, but he again fell so as to save himself.

15. Davis just reached Lane, who hit him on the body, and fell.

16. Davis hit short, but was more successful in a second attempt, having caught Lane on the nose rather heavily. Lane returned with his left on Davis's chest, and shortly after made his right on his left eyebrow—bringing some blood, Davis down. [Cheers for Lane.]

17. Davis seemed rather angry, he forced the fun, and got Lane on the ropes. After a hug Davis got to the ground.

18. Davis jobbed Lane in the mouth twice without a return. The "renowned" appeared to have lost the gift of his terrific right hand. In some exchanges, he visited Davis head, but the effects were invisible. Davis turned round from the hitting, which appeared to give new life to Lane's friends. As he again faced his man, Lane gave him a bodier that sounded all over the ring. Davis propped Lane on the eye, lengthening the cut, and producing fresh tricklings of the crimson fluid. Hammer stuck to him like a hero, and at it they went, "hammer and tongs," till Davis fell from a right-hander of Lane's. [First knock-down for Lane, amid vociferous cheering.]

19. Lane piping, and Davis rather slower. Both out of distance in the first attempt. Lane hit Davis heavily on the mouth and right eyebrow, cutting the latter, and fell to close the round.

20. Forty-five minutes had elapsed. Once more Davis popped in his left on Lane's damaged eye, and then retreated. Lane fought desperately, but could not get on effectively. Davis got down at the ropes.

21. The men closed, and Davis tried to fib Lane, but he got away. Hard work, and Lane down in the hitting.

22. A sharp rally, and both wild in their deliveries; bellows to mend.

23. Lane seemed to feel that a desperate attempt must be made. He fought away at Davis with both hands, but got repeatedly jobbed with *the* [illegible] on both eyes, while [illegible] After a [illegible] in most [illegible] rally, [illegible] which he got in [illegible] down.

24—29. In all these [illegible] [illegible]ly balanced, though Davis was quite evidently the fresher and younger man.

30. Tremendous hitting; both men fought to a stand-still, but Davis first to recover. Lane fell in his opponent's corner.

31. Lane exhibited marks of severe punishment; his left eye was nearly closed, and his right sadly out of repair; his ribs, too, were reddened in patches, and his back had suffered from the ropes; yet he seemed cheerful and game, and no sooner faced his man than he led off. After some random exchanges, Lane fell.

32. Davis got home on Lane's cheek sharply, Lane retaliated by a heavy blow on Davis's throat, and Davis down.

33. Exchanges rapid and heavy; Lane fell in the hitting.

34, 35, 36. Davis fought foxy; he popped Lane repeatedly, and got to the earth craftily.

37. Lane came up all abroad; Davis nobbed him once and again. The gift of hitting forcibly seemed to have left Lane; still he pegged away, and tried his best, till he fell, very severely punished. ["Take him away!"]

38. Again Davis visited both of Lane's eyes in succession. Lane dropped in his right on Davis's cheek, but its ancient power was gone. Davis got down grinning at the other.

39. "The light of other days has faded," Lane came up staggering, not from weakness, but from defective vision. He almost felt for his man, and Davis jobbed him, on which he fell.

40 and last. Lane once more showed at the scratch, but it was only to be nobbed at his adversary's will. Davis hit him heavily on the cheek, and throat, and he fell. On being carried to his corner, the gallant fellow refused to give in, but his seconds, very properly, threw up the sponge, to prevent the useless punishment of a brave man. Time, one hour and seven minutes.

REMARKS.

The features of the fight speak for themselves, [illegible]d preclude the necessity for lengthened comment. [illegible] Davis is not a youth, having seen thirty [illegible]t, in constitution, he is ten years [illegible]s brave antagonist. Ten years of a [illegible] and has always been found, to [illegible]e more severe sorts of ath[illegible] the most severe trial of [illegible]ge, quickness, and [illegible]n able and ac[illegible] [illegible]cordingly

ly came to the scratch at the [illegible] after a round of the ground to "take [illegible] as he said, prepared to start. He was in excellent spirits and in tip-top condition. The word "away being given by Mr. Steers, off darted Manks like a deer from the goal, at twenty minutes past two, P. M. His style of running was the theme of gen[illegible] he was loudly cheered by the [illegible] multitude. We at once subjoin the length of time he took to accomplish each mile, as well as the gradual increase of time from the commencement to the completion:

Mile	Time each mile min.	sec.	Aggregate time min.	sec.	Mile	Time each mile min.	sec.	Aggregate time min.	sec.
1st	4	40	4	40	12th	6	4	67	59
2d	5	32	10	12	13th	6	8	74	7
3d	5	31	15	43	14th	6	11	80	18
4th	5	31	21	14	15th	6	30	86	48
5th	5	48	27	2	16th	6	25	93	13
6th	5	38	32	40	17th	6	29	99	42
7th	5	42	38	22	18th	6	32	106	14
8th	5	44	44	6	19th	6	37	112	51
9th	5	47	49	53	20th	5	27	118	18
10th	6	6	55	59					
11th	5	56	61	55	Total			1 58	18

Manks thus accomplishing, [illegible] may see, this unprecedented feat in 1 hour 58 minutes and 18 seconds, being only *twelve seconds* within the limited time, which was 1 hour 58 minutes and 30 seconds.

The match was an exceedingly interesting one, particularly towards the conclusion, when the struggle between Manks and his unwearied opponent, the "old scythe bearer," was so intensely exciting, and success or defeat impossible to calculate upon with the slightest degree of certainty. After the 12th mile Manks appeared a little distressed, the puff being almost taken out of his "b[illegible];" but as a proof of the man's indomitable pluck and perseverance, we call our readers' attention to the fact that he ran his first and *last* mile quicker than any others. At the termination of the [illegible] he was carried in triumph into Copenhagen House, where he rested for a short time on Mr. Garratt's bed, but in less than half an hour presented himself quite refressed to the applauding multitude. Notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather, there could not be fewer than 2,000 persons on the ground.

An Oyster Match;

Or, How a Green Young Man was Cured of his Smartness.

ON the passage down the river I fell in with a pleasant, chatty stranger, and in five minutes we were the best friends in the world. He did not pretend to quite as extended a knowledge of matters and things in general *as I did*, but knew enough to keep himself and me also, from falling into various pleasant games proposed for our amusement by certain finally-dressed gentlemen on board, who had taken a violent fancy to me, upon first sight. One night my "fidus Achates" and I were conversing of the approaching pleasure we were to enjoy at Mobile, and in his catalogue, the certainty of obtaining a full supply of oysters stood in the front rank.

"I can eat more oysters than any live man," said he.

Now, I had no idea what an oyster was, whether fish or flesh, biped, quadruped, or no "[illegible]ed" at all; but it would not do for me to be distanced upon any track, and so, replied, without a moment's hesitation, "I can beat you, and never tire."

"We'll have a supper together," said he, "and the one who 'caves' first shall pay the shot."

We had the supper, and I paid the [illegible], and got pretty well shot in the bargain. Thus it fell out. On our first night [illegible] [illegible]ed from the theatre to an oyster saloon.

"How will you take them," said [illegible]

As I did not know what I was to take, how I was to take it was rather puzzle[illegible] there was one thing I would have [illegible] handsome to [illegible] and that was the "[illegible]" [illegible] replied I at length.

He ordered a dozen raw, to be followed by a stew and a fry, and accompanied by champagne and brandy.

If you have a very powerful imagination you may perhaps conceive of the horror with which I viewed my dozen "raw." If they had killed me I would have eaten them every one, and nearly kill me they did, for the only way that I could induce any one of the dozen to remain quiet and not revisit the earth, was by pouring down the brandy and water. I reversed the order of things and "laid" them with "spirit." My friend wondered at my unaccustomed thirst, but southern courtesy demanded that he should keep up with me, neck and neck, and so he did. Next came the champagne, which did its work pretty effectually, and, although of the remainder of our doings I was rather oblivious at the time, yet the full particulars of our performances appeared in the bills next morning—as the newspapers say—and I learned that fatigued with our unusual exertions, we had been deposited with great care on what might be called two oyster-beds, in the room above, where we passed the night in performing the Cataract of Niagara. My friend played the American side, and I the Canada shore, which was not at all surprising, since seeing the *Table Rock* was among our last reminiscences.

The bill was pretty solid, but I paid it and it cured me!

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ONE of our physicians, making his morning calls, in passing the residence of one of his families, saw a piece of crape attached to the door-knob. Naturally interested in the circumstance, and seeing a little "five year old" girl belonging to the family, standing on the walk, he reined up his horse and asked:

"Mary, who is dead at your house?"

"Sister."

"Ah! what doctor did you have to attend her?"

"O, we didn't have any; sister managed to die without one."

A PAPER published at Greenville, Alabama, states that the long drought is sorely felt by the snake tribe, forcing them from their lurking places in search of water. A short time back a large rattlesnake was killed near the head of a mill-pond, seven feet in length, and eighteen inches in girth. The track of another one has been seen in the same neighborhood, supposed to be much larger, his track measuring eight inches across. The track of [illegible] still larger one has been seen regularly in August [illegible]very year, for the last thirty-seven years, cros[illegible] [illegible]e Cahaba road, about four miles west of [illegible]ille, in the direction of a swamp, which is [illegible]d to be his regular hiding place. The track [illegible]nster is thirteen inches across. Repeated [illegible]e been made to capture this patriarch [illegible]tribe, but as yet without success. He [illegible] usual track last August.

[illegible]DENT of the Newark Sentinel, writ[illegible] and speaking of the nightingale, [illegible]ngs better in darkness, and [illegible] custom here of putting out its [illegible] all the sad sweetness of its [illegible]ame barbarism is practised [illegible]er night-singing bird of [illegible] that of the nighting[illegible] [illegible]y melodious, though [illegible]herefore less thought [illegible]ouring forth all the [illegible] in pathetic melody, [illegible]tic sympathies. So [illegible] soulfully when [illegible] for celestial light.

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OR BAKING POWDER, THE CHEAPEST, healthiest, most useful, and economical article, for raising bread, [illegible] griddle and johnny cakes, pastry, puddings, sweet cakes, corn bread, &c., ever invented.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Those who have tried it have found that the advertisement does not vaunt its praises too high.—[Tallahassee Floridian and Journal, Feb. 19, 1853.

Housekeepers who have tested the quality of this powder, pronounced unanimously inits favor.—[Lockport Daily Courier.

It surpasses everything in the shape of rising, we ever yet saw used in the baking of cakes.—[Rahway Advocate and Register, April 15, 1853.

This is an article of such utility in various kinds of cookery, that when its virtues become properly known, no housekeeper that studies comfort and economy will willingly do without it.—[New York Pick, May 21, 1853.

No one need hesitate to use Durkee's all-important article to housekeepers.—[Republican Banner and Nashville Whig, Feb. 17 1853

We have tried this article and can recommend it with perfect confidence.—[Quebec Gazette, July, 1853

Durkee's Baking Powder we have tried at our house, and our "better half" was astonished at the result.—[New York Daily Times, Oct. 23, 1853.

All good housewives will rejoice in and glorify the name of Durkee after they have given his Baking Powder a fair trial.—[New York Sun, Sept. 30, 1853.

Durkee's Baking Powder, undoubtedly the best article for this purpose that has yet been discovered.—[New York Dutchman, Feb. 12, 1853.

E. R. DURKEE, Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer, 47 No. 139 Water st., New York.

Dr. H. Monnett.

PRIVATE MEDICAL AND SURGICAL OFFICE, No. 60 White street, the first street above Taylor's Saloon, Broadway, New York, announces, for the benefit of the sick, that he continues to devote the whole of his time to the treatment of PRIVATE DISEASES, such as Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Stricture, Seminal Weakness, Pains in the Loins, Affections of the Kidneys, Syphilis, Impotency, Self-Masterbation, &c.

CURED AT HOME.

Dr. Monnett is daily treating patients at a distance, hundreds of whom he has never seen, and in all cases with certain success. Letters describing age, symptoms, occupation, &c., promptly attended to and medicine securely sealed and packed from observation, sent, per express, to all parts of the world. Address a letter to Dr. Monnett, enclose a remittance, and receive your medicine.

READ THIS.

Dr. Monnett respectfully announces, for the benefit of ladies afflicted with obstructions irregularities peculiar to the female system, which undermines their health, the effects of which they are ignorant of, and for which their delicacy forbids seeking medical advice, that he is the only agent for the sale of

DR. MACK'S MONTHLY FEMALE PILLS.

These remarkable pills are safe in their effects, always performing what is promised, and are highly prized as a female remedy, to be used in cases of obstruction and irregularities. Many females are suffering from year to year, wasting away to skeletons—eyes heavy and dull, cheeks sunken, complexion of blueish hue, countenance without expression or animation, forms emaciated, spirits depressed, nerves unstrung, mind vacant, and utter inability for the least exertion, who would enjoy the most perfect health were a [illegible] of these pills used when nature requires assistance.

LADIES READ!

Dr. Monnett announces to ladies in [illegible] of a remedy for obstructions and irregularities, &c., peculiar to the delicate female. Ladies, in addressing a letter to Dr. Monnett, enclosing a remittance, will receive a box of these pills, safely secured from observation, [illegible] in certain situations should not use them; the reasons will be found accompanying each box. Recollect, No. 60 White street, the first street above Taylor's Saloon. my5 3m

Dr. Perry's old Established Medical Office,

87 FRANKLIN STREET, NEW YORK.—DR. T. N. PERRY'S improved and successful practice for the *immediate cure* of all delicate diseases, mercurial affections, &c., &c., is continued as usual, *confidently*, at his Medical Office, No. 87 Franklin street, New York, which has been established in this city a number of years. Persons laboring under diseases of a private nature or those produced by the abuse of mercury, will be sure to be relieved and restored to health, by a treatment at once agreeable, expeditious and efficacious, by applying at his Medical Office, 87 Franklin st.

N. B. Dr. P.'s Offices are so arranged that patients are not exposed to each others observation. In all cases most honorable and inviolate secrecy is observed.

☞ Persons at a distance can have Medicines, with full directions, forwarded to them, to any part of the Union. Letters, post paid, containing a reasonable fee, will be attended to.

The "SILENT FRIEND," a valuable little treatise on these diseases, and organic weaknesses resulting from youthful indiscretion, is forwarded at the nominal price of one shilling, to pay expense of postage. Over 55,000 copies have been forwarded by the desire of individuals in the country. The amount of valuable information contained in this treatise is incredible, and all who are about to marry, male or female, should obtain it at once.

☞ To females who are laboring under obstructions, or irregularities, by obtaining the celebrated Medicated instrument, THE MOXA, prepared by Duval & Co., Paris, for which I am the only Agent, forwarded to any address, on receipt of $2.

CAUTION.—Some unprincipled and audacious quacks have been palming upon the public, medical compounds, purporting to have emanated from this establishment, and in a large number of cases with success. I hereby give notice that I have no Agents or Agencies, and those at a distance can only obtain a supply of my Medicines, by remitting $5, and addressing T. N. PERRY, M. D., 87 Franklin st., N. Y.

An Address to the Friendless.

HAVE YOU CONTRACTED THAT TERRIBLE disease which, when settled in the system, will surely go down from one generation to another, undermining the constitution and sapping the very vital fluids of life? Do not trust yourselves in the hands of mushroom Quacks that start up every day in a city like this, and fill the papers with abominable falsehoods, too well calculated to deceive the young, and those who are not "posted up" to the tricks of foreign and domestic impostors.

You cannot be too careful in the selection of a Physician or a remedy in these cases. You should apply to a man who has had ample experience, and who possesses a true skill in the treatment thereof. Such a Physician is the Proprietor of the Hunterian Dispensary, No. 3 Division street. He lays his claims on the following facts, which can be proved at any moment:

He has been in active practice over 30 years, in this city, and established the above institution in 1833 exclusively for the treatment of all delicate diseases, and has devoted all his abilities during all that time, to this branch of medicine only. His great remedy, Hunter's Red Drop, is a medicine perfectly innocent in its action, yet so thorough that it annihilates every particle of the rank and poisonous virus of this dreadful disease; and on this account alone it was first made public, that unlike other remedies, it does not dry up the disease in the blood, to break out at a remote period all over the body, or to transmit to the offspring. It has saved the pedigree of some of the best families in America, and has saved more lives, since its discovery, than this city contains. It has been counterfeited and slandered more than any medicine of any kind ever brought before the public—knowing that unless they deter the unfortunate from obtaining it, their prospects for patronage is gone. For ten years past, every consummate quack doctor in this and other cities has got up some lie about this great remedy. Dr. Hunter restores people to sound health daily who have been ruined with mercury and caustic by these humbugs. The Hunterian Dispensary is conducted on the most honorable principles. No man is asked who or what he is. Doctor Hunter's business is to cure his patients, and no one knows but the patients and himself that they ever met professionally. He desires young men attached to respectable families, and who are led astray by the numerous temptations of a city life to understand this. He has refused more certificates of cures from persons who had been unsuccessfully treated by other Physicians, than would fill the largest newspaper in the world a dozen times over, being restrained by the injurious effects it might produce on the characters in after life; for, reader, his patients live and enjoy sound health after his treatment. Young men, do not be allured, and have this poisonous disease dried up in your system, to break out at some remote period in a more terrible form, but apply at once to the old place, No. 3 Division street, and rest assured that you will receive the utmost care and attention until a perfect, sound, and thorough cure is effected, which occupies, in primary cases, from three to eight days only. This great remedy is one dollar a vial, with a medical book, full of truths—not lies. Cures without restriction or dieting. mh31 3m

Charles Heidsieck Champagne.

THE UNDERSIGNED RESPECTFULLY REquest the attention of dealers, and the public generally, to the merits of this superior Wine. Although it has been lately introduced, under its present designation, yet a discriminating public have discovered in it an old standard and highly approved Wine. The present proprietors, MESSRS. CHARLES HEIDSIECK & CO., with an honorable delicacy, not wishing to encroach upon the purchased privileges of another house, have successfully endeavored to establish for it a position in the name of the senior partner, Charles Heidsieck, under which brand it will continue to be known.

We would here state, that the comparative consumption of this Wine, since its introduction, has exceeded that of any other brand now in vogue, with a constantly increasing demand.

N. B.—IMPORTANT.—Connoisseurs of Champagne Wine are respectfully notified that the genuine wines from the above house are branded "CHARLES HEIDSIECK," in full, on the label, and that all other wines assuming the same name are not genuine. The baskets of our Charles Heidsieck have also a distinct mark, as follows: "Chs. H." with four red stripes of withow on the cover. This change from "C. H." ought to be especially observed, in consequence of the appearance of baskets in the American market [illegible] their own. A careful observance of [illegible]

T. W. BAYAUD & [illegible]

Birdsall's Celebrated Pride of the World!!

FOR GROWING HAIR AND PREVENTING the hair from falling out. Also, to cleanse the head from dandruff. The PRIDE OF THE WORLD, if used according to directions, will produce HAIR on the head, eyebrows and whiskers, [illegible] three or four weeks. For evidence of the above fact, call at the [illegible], where the [illegible] 124½ GRAND ST., NEW YORK, [illegible] most respectable persons will be given.

Price, 25 cents per bottle.

DIRECTIONS.—Cleanse the hair [illegible] apply the Liquid with a tooth brush three times a day. [illegible] oil must be used in connection with the Liquid. This preparation has never failed to cause the hair to grow in any one instance where it has been properly applied. Also, his world-renowned HAIR DYE, which is admitted by all that have used it to be superior to anything of the kind ever before offered to the public. Gentlemen and ladies can have this Hair Dye applied at their residences, or at his private rooms. Also, a complete assortment of Perfumery, Toilet and Fancy Articles at wholesale and retail. Also, a superior article of LIQUID SHAMPOO, for cleansing the hair.

2 BIRDSALL & SON, 124½ Grand st., New York.

Important to Females.

DR. CHEESEMAN'S PILLS.—THE COMBINAtions of ingredients in these Pills is the result of a long and extensive practice; they are mild in their operation, and certain of restoring nature to its proper channel. In every instance have the pills proved successful. The pills invariably open those obstructions to which females are liable, and bring nature into its proper channel, whereby health is restored, and the pale and deathly countenance changed to a healthy one. No female can enjoy good health unless she is regular; and whenever an obstruction takes place, whether from exposure, cold, or any other cause, the general health immediately begins to decline, and the want of such a remedy has been the cause of so many consumptions among young females. To ladies whose health will not permit an increase of their family, these Pills will prove a valuable acquisition, as they will prevent pregnancy. Headache, pain in the side, palpitation of the heart, loathing of food, and disturbed sleep, do most always arise from the interruption of nature; and whenever that is the case, the Pills will invariably remedy all the evils. Nor are they less efficacious in the cure of Leucorrhœa, commonly called the "Whites." These Pills should never be taken during pregnancy, as they would be sure to cause a miscarriage. Warranted purely Vegetable, and free from anything injurious to life or health. Full and explicit directions accompany each box.

Sold in New York by C. H. Ring, 192 Broadway, and J. Watson, 267 Bleecker street; in Philadelphia, by T. R. Callender, 88 South Third street.

These Pills are put up in square flat boxes. Persons residing where there are no agency established, by enclosing One Dollar in a letter, *prepaid*, to DR. C. L. CHEESEMAN, No. 267 Bleecker street, New York City, can have them sent to their respective addresses by return mail. 4

Medical Dispensary,

ESTABLISHED IN 1832, BY DR. GEORGE W. BOND, in Orchard street, New York, for the cure of Venereal Disease in all its forms.

If you are unfortunate, and want to be cured and left in sound health, come to me; I am saving hundreds monthly. My father's reputation and my wonderful success will satisfy any person there is no humbug about this. Those that doubt, let them come and see for themselves, and if I don't do all I say I can, I will make them a present of $25 to go where they think they can do better. I use nothing that is injurious to the system, but use medicines that will strengthen a person, and leave them in sound health in the shortest possible time; and but one charge made in all cases, to make a perfect cure.

MY VEGETABLE STRENGTHENING BITTERS is a speedy and permanent cure for all weakness of the organs of generation, and for that terrible affliction, Nocturnal Seminal Emissions. It has not, in a single instance, failed to effect a radical cure, where it has been tried.

It has no equal in the following complaints: Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Costiveness, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Palpitation of the Heart, and for all diseases incident to Females—Fluor Albus or Whites, and at the turn of life, they give new life and vigor to the whole system.

Office arranged so that persons never meet going in or out. I have private rooms for each person. Medicines carefully put up and sent to all parts of the United States, with advice and full directions. GEORGE R. BOND, M. D., Son and Successor to George W. Bond.

Office corner of Orchard and Grand streets, over the shoe store, New York. Entrance, No. 66 Orchard street. Office open day and evening. Principal Depot for the sale of the Vegetable Strengthening Bitters, 77 Suffolk street, New York; and for sale at all drug stores throughout the city. Price $1 per bottle.

Tarrant's Preparations.

TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION AND THE Public. The attention of the Medical Profession and public is invited to the following preparation:

TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT, prepared on an entirely new principle, from a late and accurate analysis of the celebrated SELTZER SPRING, IN GERMANY, combining efficacy, economy, and portability, with such additions and improvements as will be found materially to increase its efficacy.

This much esteemed and highly valuable preparation will not fail to effectually remove dyspepsia or indigestion, bilious affections, headache, heartburn, acidity of the stomach, costiveness, gout, rheumatism, loss of appetite, gravel, debility, nausea of [illegible]iting, affections of the liver, &c., &c.

FAMILY MEDICINE.

Tarrant's Cordial Elixir of Turkey Rhubarb takes its place as the best remedy for dyspepsia or indigestion, of the present day, and, for its efficacy and safety, deserves the name of being in truth a Family Medicine. Those who suffer from excessive [illegible] mental anxiety, or intellectual application of whatever kind, will find it to be a medicine of extreme value. It is particularly recommended to those suffering from bilious and nervous [illegible], diarrhœa, constipation, flatulency, indigestion, summer complaint, cholera morbus, &c., as the utmost reliance can be placed, both as to its innocent nature and highly curative qualities.

TARRANT'S INDELIBLE IN[illegible]

A superior article, warranted by the proprietor [illegible] edged by all who have tested it, to be the best [illegible] now in use.

TARRANT'S CO[illegible]

Sanctioned by [illegible] most distinguished of [illegible] remedy, whose [illegible] reputation. Being [illegible] is proved that it [illegible] valuable character. It is [illegible] does not impair the digestion [illegible] possible cure, upon well tested principles [illegible] sea, or going long voyages, this preparation is [illegible] surpassing the other—neat and portable [illegible] efficacious in its operation, successful both in [illegible] worst stage of the severest diseases whilst the [illegible] ous taste and [illegible] odor to copebia is wholly avoided [illegible] preparation.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by John A. T[illegible], successor to James Tarrant, 278 Greenwich, corner [illegible] street, New York; and sold by E. M. Carey, druggist, [illegible] S. C.; P. H. McGraw, Natchez; Moore & Hendrick, Sav[illegible] A. Santee & Son, Norfolk; W. S. Reese, Baltimore; Jos[illegible] Mobile; Sickles & Co., New Orleans; Z. D. Gilman, W[illegible]ton, D. C.; T. W. Dyott & Sons, Philadelphia; Weeks & [illegible] Boston; Roshmahler and Anderson, Georgetown, D. C.

THORN'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF COPBIA AND SA[illegible]SAPARILLA

Possess a few advantages not enjoyed by any other medicine for the cure of sexual diseases; and which must, with an enlightened public, render it assuredly highly popular, with a desideratum long sought for in the medical world. It needs no confinement or change of diet. In its approved form, that of a paste, it is entirely tasteless, and causes no unpleasant sensation to the patient.

It has acquired the utmost fame in almost every part of Europe, it has been examined, approved of, and sanctioned by the faculty of medicine, and recommended by the most eminent of the profession. Prepared by J. B. Thorn, chemist, London; and for sale wholesale and retail, by John A. Tarrant, sole agent for the United States, 278 Greenwich street, New York. 47

Kellinger's Liniment,

OR MAGIC FLUID, AT 12 1-2 CENTS EACH in large bottles.—Kellinger's Liniment, or Magic Fluid, is a sure cure for all sprains, cuts, bruises, and weaknesses in either sex. It is certain to restore the hair if the patient has been bald fifty years. It cures horses of all sores and bruises, while worked daily. Doctor Kellinger is honored with a reference to Mr. A. M. Bininger, so universally known throughout the United States and the Canadas as an importing house, 323 Greenwich street. Hair gone from 15 to 20 years renewed by the Fluid. The Liniment cured his head clerk, Mr. Chester Goodsell, of a very alarming attack of rheumatism, and also of a deep seated cold, with inflammation of the lungs, in less than ten days. Call and see them—this is not milk-and-water evidence. Sold by T. H. WAGSTAFF, No. 288 Greenwich street, New York, and by the Trade generally in city and country.

The Married Woman's Best Friend.

DR. EUGENE LAPORTE'S CONCENTRATED HEALTH POWDERS.—This preparation, approved of by all the medical schools in Europe, and possessing the confidence of enlightened practitioners in all parts of the civilized world, is made from a recipe found among the papers of an eminent physician of Lyons, France, after his decease. It fell originally into the hands of Dr. Eugene Laporte, of Paris, and was by him made known to the *savans* of the Colleges of every principal city on the European Continent. The manufacture and sale of these powders for general use, was commenced some ten years ago, by Monsieur Jean Bartlemy, who paid the sum of 10,000 francs for the privilege, and who still holds the right to vend the article exclusively in [illegible]. The undersigned have been fortunate enough to secure the agency for disposing of the powders in America and the British North American Provinces, and are now prepared to supply them from any part of the United States or Canada. We address our advertisement (or, circular) particularly to HEADS OF FAMILIES. The Concentrated Health Powders are a happy combination of the choicest chemicals—chemically all potent for good, and utterly impotent for evil. Their action is specially directed to the organs of generation, and if taken in strict accordance with the directions which accompany them, *will invariably prevent conception*. A more convenient, safe, and simple preparation was never offered to the female population, and it is particularly [illegible] guaranteed, that it may be used by the most delicate [illegible] with the utmost fearlessness, as it cannot in any way [illegible] health or produce the most trifling uneasiness. Morality [illegible] ed, these powders are of the highest utility, and sustain [illegible] soundest principles of economy and virtue. Unhappy [illegible] feel themselves incapacitated from becoming the mother [illegible] merous offspring, will hail the discovery of this certain [illegible] with unbounded joy. As a preventive, it is indeed [illegible] Thousands of ladies remark: "I and my husband have [illegible] dren—it is quite sufficient for us to do justice to them [illegible] having no more." The secret is, they use these powders [illegible] Matrimonial privileges are not curtailed by their action [illegible] is change in habits or diet necessary. Women in all [illegible] life may use these powders to the greatest advantage, as they [illegible] excellent for local irritations, placidity of the muscles of the [illegible] bearing down of the womb, weakness, &c., &c.

C. L. CHEESEMAN, M. D., New York.

CERTIFICATE.

This is to certify that I have analyzed the Concentrated Health Powders, and that I have found the ingredients to be purely [illegible] less, though very powerful for the purposes they are compounded to accomplish. Indeed the most healthy married woman [illegible] them to advantage. After submitting the powders to the [illegible] *tests*, I was unable to detect the *smallest particle* of injurious [illegible]ter. I consider the powders worthy of general confidence [illegible] public benefaction.

L. DOUPEE, Chemist, Rue St. Honore, Paris.

For sale at 192 Broadway, New York, and 88 South Third street, Philadelphia.

☞ By pre-paying your letters, inclosing three dollars, and addressing Dr. C. L. Cheeseman, 192 Broadway, New York, you can obtain by return of mail full directions and one package of the pre-paid to your address.

A Card to the Ladies.

MRS. BYRNES, FEMALE PHYSICIAN, N[illegible] Thompson street, between Bleecker and Houston streets, attends Females through their confinement, and treats all [illegible] peculiar to her sex. Convenient rooms provided during [illegible]. Also, a patent apparatus to assist Females in [illegible] Seymour's Galvanic Abdominal Supporters. [illegible] geable. A valuable Female Pill sent to any person [illegible] to the above address. All communications [illegible] confidential.